











THE
HEROINE,
OR
ADVENTURES
OF
CHERUBINA,

BY
EATON STANNARD BARRETT, ESQ

“ L'Histoire d'une femme est toujours un Roman.”

Second Edition,
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. III.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE ;
AND SOLD BY GEORGE GOLDIE, EDINBURGH,
AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1814.

B. CLARKE, Printer, Well-street, London.

823
1926
1814
v. 3

THE HEROINE.



LETTER XXX.

AFTER my last letter, I spent two tedious days in employments which I now blush to relate—no less than doing all the dirty work of the house; sweeping the room, kindling the fire, cooking the victuals, and endeavouring, by dint of comb and soap, to make cherubs of the children. What bewitched me, I cannot conceive. The humanity of other Heroines is ever clean, elegant, and fit for the reader. They give silver and tears in abundance, but never descend to the bodily charity of working, like wire-drawers,

for withered old women and brats with rosy noses. And yet, as those who sheltered me, were poor and helpless themselves, surely their hospitality to me deserved some recompense. So you must not condemn me totally; for I can swear, that I would rather have relieved them with my purse, and soothed them with my sympathy, than have fried their herrings and washed their faces.

However, during this interval, I mixed the poetess with the housemaid, and composed a tale, which I copy for you.

CAROLINE.

Beneath a thatch, where gadding woodbine
flower'd,
About the lattice and the porch embower'd,
An humble widow liv'd, whose grey decline,
Clung on one hope, her lovely Caroline.

Her lovely Caroline, in virtue blest,
Was pure as early snow by feet unprest.
Her tresses unadorn'd a braid controll'd,
Her pastoral russet knew no stain of gold.
In either cheek an eddying dimple play'd,
And blushes flitted with a rosy shade.
Her airy step appear'd to tread the sky,
And joy and frolic sparkled in her eye.
Yet would she weep at sorrows not her own,
And love foredoom'd her heart his panting
throne.

For her the rustics strove a homely grace,
Clipped their redundant locks, and smooth'd
their pace ;
Lurk'd near her custom'd path, in trimmest
guise,
And talk'd the untaught praises of her eyes.

But fatal hour, when she, by swains unmov'd,
Beheld the master of the vale, and lov'd.
Long had he tempted her reserve in vain,
Till one luxuriant eve that sunn'd the plain ;
On the bent herbage, where a gushing brook,
Blue harebells and the tufted violet shook ;
Where hung umbrageous branches overhead,
And the rain'd roses lay in fragments red,

He found the slumbering maid. Prophane he
press'd

Her lip, till then by lover uncares.

She starts alarmed, and as the dawning day,
Thro' the white moonbeam shoots its ruddy ray,
Or as on Alpine cliffs, a wounded doe
Sheds all its purple life upon the snow ;
So her cheek blushes, while her humble eyes
Fear from a knot of primroses to rise ;
And mute she sits, affecting to repair
The discomposed meanders of her hair :

Need I his arts unfold ? Enough to tell,
The virgin listen'd, and believ'd, and fell.

Now by the traitor far from home decoy'd,
She plunges into pleasures unenjoy'd,
Nor dares reflect, till tidings reach her door,
That her heartbroken mother lives no more.
Pale with despair, " At least, at least," she
cries,

" Sad let me linger where the victim lies.
Short shelter need the village now bestow,
Ere by her sacred grave they lay me low."

Then without nurture, and in weary plight,
She hastes her journey homeward, morn and
night ;

Till, as her steps a hill familiar gain,
Bursts on her filling eyes her native plain.
She pants, expands her arms, “ Ah, peaceful
scene !”

Exclaiming : “ Ah, dear valley, lovely green,
Still ye remain the same ; your hawthorn still,
All your white cottages, the rustic mill ;
Its osiered brook, that prattles through the
meads ;

The plat where oft I danced to piping reeds.
All, all remain unalter'd. ’Tis but thine
To suffer change, weak, wicked Caroline !”

The setting sun now purples hill and lake,
And lengthen’d shadows shadows overtake.
A parting carol larks and throistles sing,
The swains aside their heated sickles fling.
Now dairies all arrang’d, the nymphs renew
The straggling tress, and tighten aprons blue ;
Then, scattered by their trooping lovers, run,
In a blithe tumult to the pipe begun.
And now, while dance and laughter shake the
vale,

Sudden the penitent, dishevelled, pale,
Stands in the midst. All pausing gather round,
And gaze amaz’d. The tabors cease to sound.

“ Yes, ye may well,” the faltering suppliant
cries,

“ Well may ye frown with those repulsive
eyes.

Yet pity one not vicious but deceiv'd,
Who vows of marriage, ere she fell, believ'd.
Without a parent, friend, or cheerful home,
Save, save me, leave me not forlorn to roam.
Not now the gifts ye once so fondly gave,
Not now the verse or rural wreath I crave;
Not now to lead your festive sports along,
Queen of the dance, and despot of the song;
One shed is all, oh, just one wretched shed,
To lay my weary limbs and aching head.
Then will I bless your bounty, then inure
My frame to toil, and earn a pittance poor.
Then, while ye mix in mirth, will I, forlorn,
Beside my murder'd parent sit and mourn.”

She paus'd, expecting answer. None re-
plied.

“ And have ye children, have ye hearts?” she
cried.

“ Save me now, mothers, as from future
harms,

Ye hope to save the babies in your arms !

See, to you, maids, I bend on abject knee;
Youths, even to you, who bent before to me.
O, my companions, by our happy plays,
By dear remembrance of departed days;
By pity's self, your cruel parents move;
By sacred friendship; Oh! by those ye love!
Oft when ye trespassed, I for pardon pray'd;
Oft on myself your little mischiefs laid.
Did I not always sooth the wounded mind?
Was I not call'd the generous and the kind?
Still silent? What! no word, no look to cheer?
No gentle gesture? What, not even a tear?
Go then, sublime in heartless virtue live;
Let none plead for me, none my crime forgive,
Go—yet the culprit, by her God forgiven,
May plead for you before the throne of heaven!
Ye simple pleasures of my rural hours,
Ye skies all sunshine, and ye paths all flowers:
Home, where no more a soothing friend I see,
Dear happy home, a last farewell to thee!"

Claspt are her hands, her features strewn with
hair,

And her eyes sparkle with a keen despair.
But turning to depart, a burst of tears,
And efforts, as of one withheld, she hears.

“ Speak !” she conjures, “ ere yet to phrenzy
driven,

Tell me who weeps? What angel sent from
Heav’n ?”

“ I, I your friend !” exclaims, with panting
charms,

A rosy girl, and darts into her arms.

“ What! will you leave me? Me, your other
heart,

Your favourite Ellen? No, we must not part;

No, never! come, and in our cottage live;

Come, for the cruel village shall forgive.

O, my own darling, come, and unprov’d,

Here on this heart rest ever, ever lov’d;

Here on this constant heart!” While yet she
spoke,

Her furious sire the link’d embraces broke.

Borne in his arms, she wept, entreated, rav’d;

Then fainted, as a mute farewell she wav’d.

But now the wretch, with low and wilder’d
cries,

Round and around revolving vacant eyes :

Slow from the green departs, and pauses now,

And gnaws her tresses, and contracts her
brow.

Shock'd by the change, the matrons, stern no
more,

Pursue her steps, and her return implore:
Soon a poor maniac, innocent of ill,
She wanders unconfined, and drinks the rill,
And plucks the simple cress. A hovel near
Her native vale defends her from the year.
With tender feet to flint and thistle bare,
And faded willows weeping in her hair,
She climbs some rock at morn, and all alone,
Chaunts hasty snatches of harmonious moan.
When moons empearl the leafy locks of bowers,
With liquid grain, and light the glistening flowers,
She gathers honeysuckle down the dells,
And tangled eglantine, and slumbering bells;
And with moist finger, painted by the leaves,
A coronet of roses interweaves;
Then steals unheard, and gliding thro' the yews,
The fragrant offering on her mother strews.
At morn with tender pause, the nymphs admire,
How recent chaplets still the grave attire;
And matrons nightly tell, how fairies seen,
Dance roundelays aslant its cowslipped green.
Ev'n when the dreary vale is white with snows,
That verdant spot the little Robin knows;

And sure to find the flakes at dawn remov'd,
Alights and chirps upon its turf belov'd.

Such her employ ; till now, one wintry day,
Some shepherds hurrying by the guarded clay,
Find the pale ruin, life for ever flown,
With her cheek pillow'd on its dripping stone.
The turf unfinish'd wreaths of ivy strew,
And her lank locks are dim with misty dew.
Poor Ellen hymns her requiem. Willows pine
Around her grave. Fallen, fallen Caroline !

This morning, having relinquished my rags, and resumed my muslins, I repaired to Monkton Castle, where, seated on a withered stump, I began an accurate investigation of the edifice, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it could stand a siege, should Lady Gwyn attempt to dispossess me.

It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the road, upon a flat morass, where a few shattered oaks are all that remain of a former forest. The castle

itself (which, however, appears too small for corridors and suites of apartments) is an exact square, having a turret at each corner; and a large gateway, on the southern side. While I surveyed its roofless walls, overtopped with briony, grass, and nettles, and admired the Gothic points of the windows, where mantling ivy had supplied the place of glass, long suffering and murder came to my thoughts.

As I sat planning, from romances, the revival of the feudal customs and manners in my castle, and of the feudal system among my tenantry (all so favourable to heroines), I perceived a barouche, just turning from the road into the common. My heart beat high: the carriage approached, stopped; and who should alight, but Higginson and Jerry Sullivan!

After Higginson, with reverence, and Jerry, with familiarity, had congratulated me on my restoration to my estates, the latter began looking hard at the castle.

“The people told us this was Monkton Castle,” said he; “but where is the Monkton Castle that your Ladyship is to live in?”

“There it is, my friend,” answered I.

“What? there!”

“Yes, there.”

“What? there, there!”

“Yes, there, there.”

“Oh, murder, murder, murder!”

“Murder enough, I dare swear,” said I; “and ghosts too.”

The postillion now came forward, with his hat in his hand.

“How far might we be from your house, my lady?” said he. “For I

have brought the horses a deadly long journey already."

"That castle is my house," answered I.

"Begging your Ladyship's pardon," said he; "what I mean is this: how far are we from where your Ladyship lives?"

"I live in that castle," answered I.

Jerry began making signs, over the fellow's shoulder, for me to hold my tongue.

"What are you grimacing about there, Mr. Sullivan?" cried I.

"Oh, 'tis only a way I have got," answered Jerry. "But your Ladyship, you know, is merely come down to this castle on a sort of an excursion, you know, to see if it wants repairing you know: you don't mean to live in it, you know." And at every 'you

know,' he put his finger upon his nose, and winked.

"But I know I do mean to live in it," said I, "and so, Sir, I beg you will cease your grinning."

"And sure 'tis for your good I'm grinning," cried he. "And sure if 'twas even through a horse-collar, I'd grin for that."

The postillion now stood staring up at the venerable edifice, with an expression of the most insolent ridicule.

"What are you looking at, block-head?" said Jerry.

"By all that is comical," cried the fellow, reddening with smothered laughter, "I am looking at the sky through the windows!"

"Why then," said Jerry, "'tis I that will spoil your looking for ever, if you don't take the horses from the

carriage, and set off with yourself in a twinkling."

"By St. Peter, not till I am paid for their journey down;" cried the postillion. "So will your Ladyship have the goodness to pay me?"

"Assuredly," said I. "Jerry, pay him."

"Deuce a rap have I," answered Jerry. "I laid out my last farthing in things for your Ladyship."

"Higginson," said I, "pay him."

"It irks me to represent," answered Higginson, "that in equipments for this expedition;—a nice little desk, a nice little comb, a nice little pocket-glass, a nice little——"

"In short, you have no money," cried I.

"Not a farthing," answered he.

“ Neither have I,” said I ; “ so, postillion, you must call another time.”

“ Here is a pretty to do !” cried the postillion. “ Damme, this is a shy sort of a business. Not even the price of a feed of oats ! Snuff my eyelights, I must have the money. I must blow me.”

“ I tell you what, Mr. Blow me ;” cried Jerry, “ if you don’t unloose your horses this moment, and pack off, by the powers, the three of us will give you such a thrashing between us, as does’nt often fall to an honest man’s share.”

The postillion took the horses from the carriage, in silence ; then, having mounted one of them, and ridden a few paces off, he stopped.

“ You set of vagabonds and swindlers,” cried he, “ without a roof over

your heads, or a penny in your pockets, to go diddle me out of my day's labour! Wait till master takes you in hand: and if I don't tell the coach-maker what a fresh one he was, to give you his barouche on tick, may I be particularly horsewhipt! Ladyship! a rummish sort of a tit for a Ladyship! And there is my Lord, I suppose. And t'other is the Marquis. Three pickpockets from Fleet-street, I'd bet a whip to a wisp. Ladyship! Oh, her ladyship!" and away he cantered, ladyshipping it, till he was out of hearing.

"That young person wants a moral lecture," said Higginson.

"He wants his money," said Jerry; "and no blame to him. But there is nothing like bullying a man, when one is bilking him. And now, 'pon

your conscience, does your Ladyship intend to live in this old castle?"

"Upon my honour I do," replied I.

"And is there no decent house on the estate, that one of your tenants could lend you?" said he.

"Why," replied I, "though Lady Gwyn has actually acknowledged my right to the estate, still, as she has not yet put me in formal possession of it, the tenantry, most probably, will not yet treat me as their mistress. All I can now do, therefore, is to seize this uninhabited castle which lies on the estate. But rest assured, that a heroine of good taste, and anxious to rise in her profession, would infinitely prefer the desolation of a Castle to the comforts of a Villa."

"Well, of all the wise freaks--" muttered Jerry, standing astride, stick-

ing his knuckles in his ribs, and nodding his head leisurely, as he looked up at the castle.

“ Mr. Sullivan,” interrupted I, “ if you have the slightest objection to remaining here, you may depart this moment.”

“ And do you think I would leave you ?” cried he. “ Oh th’n, oh th’n, ’tis I that would’nt ! And if it was a gallows itself, instead of a castle, I would assist you all the same. ’Pon my virtue, if your Ladyship even commanded me to jump over that said Castle, I’d--no, I don’t say I’d do it ; but by the powers, I’d take a run at it !”

I shook his honest hand with warmth, and then asked him if he had performed my commissions.

“ Your Ladyship shall hear,” said he.

“ As soon as ever I got your letter, I went with it in my hand, and shewed it at fifty different shops ;---clothiers, and glaziers, and upholsterers, and feather-makers, and trumpet-makers ; but neither old tapestry, nor old painted glass, nor old flags stained with old blood, nor old lutes, nor old any thing could I get ; and moreover, as sure as ever I shewed them your letter, so sure they laughed at it.”

“ Laughed at it !” cried I.

“ All but one,” said Jerry.

“ And he ?” cried I.

“ Was going to knock me down. Howsomever, since Moll and I are giving up shop, on the strength of the two hundred-a-year ; and since you commanded me to get old goods, rather than new, by Dad, I have brought you out of our own shop, as much cloth as

would furnish two rooms at the very farthest. Half is black cloth, and half red; and though both are motheaten, and musty, and rotten enough, I suppose your Ladyship will like them the better for that same. Well, I then went and bought a parcel of old funeral feathers, and an old velvet pall, from an undertaker; and a broken old harp with five strings, that will do any thing but play, from the blind Welsh girl who thrums through the streets; and a big cracked old bell, from the sexton of our parish; and a tin horn from the guard of a mail-coach; and a lot of old pictures of wiggy quizzes, from a sign-painter. And all these, together with my bed and trunk, and a box of Mr. Higginson's, I have got snug here in the barouche."

“But the barouche?” said I; “how did you procure that?”

“Faith, then, by not shewing your letter,” answered Jerry; “and by knowing the coachmaker myself. And I told him it was for Lady De Willoughby, as beautiful as an angel---but he did not mind that; and as rich as a Jew;---but he minded that; and so he gave me, not only the barouche, but a thousand thanks into the bargain.”

“Well, my friend,” said I, “if you and Higginson will pull down those stones that barricade the gateway, we will enter the building, and see what can be done with our present materials.”

They commenced operations, and having soon cleared away the rubbish, conducted me into my castle.

A thrill of pride and joy ran through my frame, as I entered and took possession. But I found its interior in a far more ruinous state than I had imagined. Nothing remained except the four turrets, and the four walls which united them. These roofless walls were stained with the venerable verdure of damp, and the intervening area was overrun with nettles and thistles. Each turret had a small doorway. I looked in; but three turrets, despoiled even of their stairs, were inaccessible to human feet, and attainable only by an owl or an angel. However, on reconnoitering the fourth, or eastern turret, I found it in much better condition than the rest. There the stairs, which were winding, and of stone, still remained. I therefore ascended the first flight, and got into a room of about eight feet square, (the

size of the turret itself), which would answer admirably for my accommodation. I then mounted the next flight, and found myself at the top of the Tower. Around it ran a broken parapet; and fragments of the battlements lay beneath my feet. This Tower, therefore, I determined to furnish and inhabit, and to leave the remaining three in a state of classical dilapidation, as receptacles for strange noises, horrid sights, and nocturnal Condottieri.

I now descended, and made the Minstrel and Warden (for I have already invested them in these offices) draw the barouche within the gateway, and convey the luggage up to the chamber, which I had chosen as my residence.

This done, the pieces of black cloth were opened and inspected. Nothing could answer the purpose better; so,

without farther loss of time, we set about hanging the chamber with them. This we contrived to accomplish by means of wooden pegs, which the Warden cut with his knife; and drove, with a stone, through the drapery into the crevices of the walls. We then stationed the mutilated harp at a corner, and fastened the portraits against the hangings. They are in fine old gilded frames; and I am not very fanciful, I believe; but certainly, three of them have the De Willoughby eyebrow to a hair. When the hangings, harp, and pictures were all arranged, I gazed upon their sombrous and antique effect with extreme transport. I then named this apartment, the BLACK CHAMBER, and gave orders that it should always be so denominated.

Our next object was to contrive a

bed for me. Jerry, therefore, procured some branches of trees; and after much labour, and no small ingenuity, constructed a bedstead, as crazy as any that ever creaked under a heroine. He then hung it round with curtains of black cloth; and his own bed being placed upon it, he spread the velvet pall, as a coverlet. Never was a more funereal piece of furniture; and I saw clearly, that it rivalled the terrifying bed in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*.

The room underneath, which I designed for my household, we draperied with the pieces of red cloth. This room, therefore, I called the **RED CHAMBER**; and as the other turrets were all over verdant moss, ivy, nettles, grass, and groundsel, I called them the **GREEN CHAMBERS**.

The Minstrel all this time appeared.

to be stupified and awestruck ; but worked like a horse, puffing and panting, and doing every thing that he was desired, without uttering a word.

The bell, the horn, and the boxes, being now deposited in the Red Chamber, dinner became our next consideration. I have, therefore, just dispatched the Warden (like Peter, in the Romance of the Forest) to procure provisions. Yet not a farthing has he to purchase any ; since even the money which Susan gave me was exhausted at the cottage.

But the light that enters my ivied window begins to grow grey ; and an appropriate gloom thickens through the chamber. Sitting on a temporary stool, which the Warden made for me, I write with the pen of the Minstrel. My knees are my desk. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

Just at the close of evening, Jerry came running towards the castle, with a milk-pail upon his head.

“ See,” cried he, putting it down, “ how nicely I have choused a little milk-maid! There was she, tripping along, as tight as her garter. ‘ Fly for your life,’ cries I, striding up to her: ‘ there is the big bull at my heels, that has just killed two children, two sucking pigs, two——Here! let me hold your pail,’ and I whips it off her head. So, what does she do, but she runs off without it, one way; and what does I do, but I runs off with it, another way! And besides this, I have got my hat filled with young potatoes,

that I scraped from a field ; and my pockets stuffed with ears of wheat, that I plucked from another ; and if we can't eat a hearty dinner of these dainties, why may our next be fried fleas and toasted leather !”

Though I was angry at the means used by Jerry to get the provisions, yet (as dinner, just then, had more charms for me than moral sentiment), instead of instructing him in the lofty doctrines of the social compact, I merely shewed him how to pound the wheat between two flat stones. Meantime, I sent the Minstrel to the cottage, for a light and some fuel ; and on his return, made him kindle a fire of wood, in the centre of the Black Chamber. As the floor was stone, it ran no risk of being burned.

This accomplished, I mixed some

milk with the bruised wheat, kneaded a cake, and laid it upon the red embers; while Jerry himself took charge of roasting the potatoes.

As soon as our romantic repast was ready, I drew my stool to the fire: my household drew stones, and we made a tolerable meal; they on the potatoes, and I on the cake, which hunger had really rendered palatable.

The Warden then lifted the pail to my lips, and I took a draught of the rural nectar; while the Minstrel remarked, that Nestor himself had not a larger goblet.

As the cottage of my late hostess was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, I paid her a solitary visit, and carried the fragments of our dinner to her.

On my return, we resumed our

seats, and hung over the expiring embers, which cast a gloomy glare upon the bed and the drapery ; while now and then, a flash from the ashes shot a reddened light on the paleness of the Minstrel, and brightened the broad features of the Warden. The wind had risen : there was a good deal of excellent howling round the turret : we sat silent, and looking for likenesses in the fire.

“ Come, Warden,” cried I, “ repair these embers with a fresh splinter, and recount the memoirs of your life.”

The Warden threw down a log, upblazed the fire, and then he began his history.

“ Once upon a time when pigs were swine ——”

“ I will trouble you for a more respectable beginning,” said I ; “ some

striking, genteel little picture, to bespeak attention,—such as, “It was on a gloomy night in the month of November.”

“November!” cried Jerry; “that would be a proper lie, because, as it happens, I was born in January; and by the same token, I was one of the youngest children that ever was born, for I saw light five months after my mother’s marriage. Well, being born, up I grew, and the first word I said was mammy; and my hair was quite yellow at first, though ’tis so brown now; and I promised to be handsome, but the symptoms soon left me; and I remember, I was as proud as Lucifer, the first day I wore trowsers; and —”

“Why now, Jerry, what sort of homely trash is this?” said I. “Fie; a Warden like you! I really hoped to

have heard something of the wonderful from you."

"Oh, if 'tis the wonderful you want," cried Jerry, "I won't disappoint you. Well, then, the fact is, I am of the O'Sullivans, who were once kings of Munster; and that is the very reason I have not Mister to my name, seeing as how I am of the blood royal. So, being of the blood royal, I was iddicated in great tenderness and ingenuity; and when I came of age, I went and seized upon O'Sullivan Castle, and fortified it, and got a crown and sceptre, and reigned in great peace many years. But as the devil would have it—"

"Jerry," said I, "I must insist on hearing no more of these monstrous untruths."

"Untruths!" cried he. "O mur-

der! to think I would tell a falsehood!"

"Sir," said I, "'tis a falsehood on the very face of it."

"Then, 'pon my conscience," cried he, "'tis as like your own story as two peas. Sure did'nt you yourself seize upon a castle? And as to the crown and sceptre, sure half the gentlemen in Europe have them now-a-days. And I did not contradict you, (whatever I might think, and I have my thoughts too, I can tell you,) when you talked so glib of your great estates; though, to be sure, your Ladyship is as poor as a rat. Howsomever, since you will have it all a falsehood, 'tis all a falsehood, sure enough; but now you shall hear the real, real story; though, for that matter, any fool can tell truth, and no thanks to him.

“ Well, then, my father was nothing more than a common labourer, and just poor enough to be honest, though not quite poor enough to be a rogue. Poverty is no great disgrace, provided one comes honestly by it ; for one may grow poor as well as rich by knavery. So, being poor, father used to make me earn odd pennies, when I was a boy ; and at last I got so clever, that he resolved on sending me to sell chickens at the next town. But as I could only speak Irish then, by reason we lived up the mountains, he sat down and taught me a little English, in case any gentlefolks should ask me about my chickens. ‘ Now, Jerry, says he, (in Irish,) if any gentleman addresses you, of course it will be to know the price of your chickens ; so you must answer, *three shillings, Sir.*

Then to be sure he will be for lowering the price; so you must say stoutly, *No less, Sir*; and if he shakes his head, or looks angry, 'tis a sign he won't buy unless you bate a little; so you are to say, *I believe I must take two, Sir.*'

“ Well, I got my lesson pat, and off I set, with my hair cut as strait as a rule, and my face scowered bright, and thinking it the greatest day of my life; and sure enough, I had not walked a hundred yards from our cabin, when I met a gentleman.

“ How far is it to the next village?’ says he.

“ Three shillings, Sir,’ says I.

“ You are a saucy fellow,’ says he.

“ No less, Sir,’ says I.

“ I will give you a box in the face,’ says he.

“ I believe I must take two, Sir,” says I.

“ But, instead of two, egad, I got twice two, and as many kicks as would match ’em ; and home I ran howling. — Well, that was very well ; so when I told father that I was beaten for nothing :

“ I warrant you were not,” says he ; ‘ and if I had treated my poor father as you treat me,’ says he, ‘ he would have broken every bone in my skin,’ says he. ‘ But he was a better father than I am,’ says he.

“ How dare you say that your father was better than my father ?” says I ; and upon this, father takes me by the ear, and lugs me right out of the cabin. Well, that was very well. So, just as we got outside, the self-same gentleman was passing by ; and he

stopped, and began complaining of me to father; and then the whole mistake came out, and both of them laughed splittingly.

“ But what do you think? ’Pon my conscience, the gentleman took me strait home with him, and set me cleaning the knives and boots. And then he sent me to school, where I learned English; and then he made me tend at table; till after some time, I became a regular servant in the family.

“ Well, here I lived several years; and grew a great fellow for whiskey and whist; until one night, when mistress had company, bringing in the tray of cake and wine, down I came, and smash went all the glasses.

“ By this and that,’ says mistress; (only mistress did’nt swear) ‘ you are drunk,’ says she.

“ Never tasted a drop all day,’ says I; and sure, it was true for me, ’cause I did not begin till evening.

“ Who taught you to tell falsehoods?’ says she.

“ Troth, you did,’ says I; ‘ ’cause you taught me to tell visitors you were not at home, when all the time you were peeping down the bannisters. Fine fashions, indeed! Nobody is ever at home now-a-days, but a snail,’ says I. And I would have said more too, only master kicked me out of the house.

“ Well, that was very well; and now my misfortunes were all before me, like a wheelbarrow.

“ This happened in the year of the Rebellion; so, being out of service, I lived at alehouses; and there it was that I met gentlemen with rusty su-

perfine on their backs, and with the longest, genteelest words in the world. They soon persuaded me that old Ireland was going to ruin; I forget how now, but I know I had the whole story pat at that time; and the end of it was, that I became an United Irishman.

“Howsomever, though I would have died for my country, it would be carrying the joke too far to starve for her; and I had now spent all my wages. So, at last, back I goes to my old master, and falls on my knees, and asks his pardon for my bad conduct, and prays of him to hire me once more. Well, he did; and it was only two nights after, that we heard a great noise outside; and master comes running into the kitchen.

“Jerry,” says he, ‘here are the

rebels attacking the house; and as I know you are a faithful fellow, take this sword and pistol, and stand by me.'

"By you? No, but I will stand before you,' says I. So we mustered our men, five in all, and posted ourselves upon the head of the stairs; when in burst the rebels, and their captain bade us surrender our arms. 'Why then, is that Barney Delany?' says I.

"Why then, is that Jerry Sullivan?' says he. 'You are one of us,' says he, 'so now turn round and shoot your master,' says he.

"I will cut off both my hands first,' says I.

"Take that then,' says he; and he fires a shot, and I another; and at it we kept, pop, pop, pop; till we beat them all off.

“ Well, in a few months afterwards, this same Barney being made prisoner, I was bound over as witness against him. So, some of the gentlemen with the long words came to me, and told me as how I had acted wrong in fighting for my master, instead of my country; and as how I must make amends by giving evidence in favour of Barney.

“ Well, they puzzled me so, that from then, till now, I never could satisfy myself, whether I was right or wrong in standing by my master. But somehow, I think I was right; for though patriotism (one of the long words) is a fine thing, still, after all, there is nothing like gratitude. Why, now, if the devil himself did me a kind office, I believe I would make shift to do him another; and not act like the clergy, who spend their whole lives

snubbing at him, and calling him all manner of names; though they well know, that, only for him, there would not be a clergyman or a fat living in the kingdom.

“Howsomever, I was over persuaded to do the genteel thing by Barney Delany; so, when the day for trial came, I drank myself pretty unintelligible; and I swore point blank, before judge and jury, that I did not know Barney good or bad, and that all I knew of him was good: and I bothered the lawyers, and they turned me from the table, and threatened to indite me for perjury. But how the people praised me, and called it iligant swearing, and mighty pretty evidence! And I was the great man of the day; and they took me to the fair that was hard by, where we

tipped a little more, and then forth we sallied, ripe for fun.

“ Well, as we were running, like mad, through the fair, what should I spy, but a man’s bald head sticking out of a hole in one of the tents—to cool, I suppose,—so I just lifted my cudgel, and just laid it down; when, behold you, out comes a whole set of fellows from the tent, and baldpate asks, which of us had broken his head?

“ It was my own self,’ says I, ‘but confound me if I could help it, that skull of your’s looked so inviting.’

“ Accordingly, both parties began a battle; and then others, who had nothing better to do, came and joined; they did not know why or wherefore; but no matter for that. Any one may fight, when there is an occasion; but

the beauty of it, is to fight when there is no occasion at all.

“ Howsomever, in the midst of it, up came the military to spoil sport, as usual ; and they dispersed us, and made some of us prisoners,—I among the rest,—and we were put into Bridewell. Well, that was very well. So at night, we contrived to break it open, beat the keepers, and make our escape. I then skulked about the country several days ; till coming across some lads, who were going beyond seas, to reap the English harvest, I took the frolic, and went with them.

“ But to be sure, to be sure, such a hurricane as we had at sea, and such tumbling and tossing ; and then we were driven to the world’s end, or the Land’s End, or some end ; but I know I thought I was come to my own end.

In short, such adventures never were known."

"What adventures, my friend?" cried I.

"Why," said he, "we had an adventure every moment, for every moment we were near going to the bottom."

"Nonsense!" said I. "Ah, Jerry, these famous adventures of your's are ending in nothing."

"Wait awhile," said Jerry. "Then there was such pulling of ropes, and reefing and rigging; and starboarding and larboarding; and so many seas and channels; the Irish Channel, and the British Channel, and the Bristol Channel, and the Baltic Sea, and the Atlantic Sea, and---Oh! bad luck to me, but we sailed over almost every sea in the known world.

“ Did you sail over the Red Sea,” said I.

“ To be sure I did.”

“ And the Black Sea ?”

“ Not a doubt of it.”

“ And the White Sea, and the Pacific Ocean ?”

“ Every mother’s soul of them.”

“ And what kind of seas are they ?”

“ Why,” said he, “ the Red Sea is as red as blood, and the Black Sea is as black as ink, and the White Sea is the colour of new milk, or nearer butter-milk, I think ; and the Pacific---What’s that word ?”

“ Pacific,” said I.

“ And what is the meaning of Pacific ?” said he.

“ It means peaceful or calm,” answered I.

“Gad, I thought so,” cried he, “for the devil a wave that same ocean had on it at all at all. ’Pon my conscience, it was as smooth as the palm of my hand.”

“Take care, Jerry,” said I, laughing; “I am afraid——”

“Why then,” cried he, “that I may never——”

“Hush !” said I. “No swearing.”

“By dad,” cried he, “at this rate you had better tell me my own story yourself; for you seem bent upon having it all just as you like. I know, ’tis a hard case, that a poor man can’t——”

“Pray, my friend,” interrupted I, “do not bravo the matter any more; but suppose yourself safely landed in England; and what happened you then?”

“ Why, then,” said he, “ I made a little money by reaping, and afterwards, I trudged to London.”

“ And how did you subsist in London at first ?” asked I.

“ By spitting through my teeth,” said Jerry.

“ Take care,” cried I. “ This I suspect is another——”

“ If you mean lie,” said Jerry, “ you are out at last. ’Tis as true, as true can be ; and I will explain all about it. You must know, that ’tis now the fashion for gentlemen to be their own coachmen ; and not only to drive like coachmen, but to talk, walk, dress, drink, swear, and even spit like coachmen. Well, two days after my arrival, as I was standing in the street, and looking about, I happened to spit through my teeth, to the envy and ad-

miration of a gentleman that was just driving his own carriage by. For he stopped, and called me across, and offered me half a crown if I would teach him to do the same. Well, I went home with him, and in a short time, taught him to spit so well, that my fame spread through the town, and all the fashionable fellows flocked about me for instruction ; till I had a good mind to set up a Spitting Academy.

“ I had now spit myself into such affluence, that I refused a coachman’s seat, with forty pounds a-year (for, as I said, even a curate had more than that) ; and perhaps, instead of a seat on the box, I might at last have risen to a seat in Parliament (for many a man has got there by dirtier tricks than mine), only unfortunatety, my profession being of a nature to dry up my mouth, made

me frequent porter-houses ; where, as more bad luck would have it, I met other gentlemen, just such as I had met before, and with just the same set of long words.

“ In a little time, all of us came to a determination that our country was ruined, and that something must be done. So we formed ourselves into a club, for the purpose of writing ballads about the war, and the taxes, and a thousand lashes that a soldier got. And we used to set ten or twelve ballad-singers round a table, in our club-room, each with her pint of beer ; and one of our club would teach them the tune with a little kit, while I was in a cock-loft overhead, composing the words. And they reckoned me the finest poet of them all ; and told me that my writings would descend to my pos-

ter---some long word or other; and often the thoughts came so quick on me, that I was obliged to chalk them down upon the back of the bellows. But whenever I wanted an inflammation of ideas, I got some gin, and Weekly Register; and then between both, up I worked myself to such a pitch of poetry, that my blood would sometimes run cold in the morning, at the thoughts of what I had planned in the night.

“ Well, one evening, the ballad-singers were round the table, sipping and singing to the little kit, and I had just popt down my head through the trap-door of the cock-loft, to ask the chairman the rhyme for *a Reform*.

“ Confound you,” says he, ‘ didn’t I tell you twenty times ’tis *a storm* ;’ when in bursts the door, and a parcel of peace-officers seize himself and the

whole set, for holding seditious meetings. Think of that ! when faith and honour, our only object was to procure a speedy peace, by letting our enemies know that we could not carry on the war.

“ Howsomever, I got out of the scrape by being concealed in the cock-loft ; and well I remember, it was on the very same night I first saw my wife.”

“ Ah,” said I, “ give me the particulars of that event ; the first meeting of lovers is always so interesting !”

“ Why,” said he, “ going home sorrowful enough, after the ruin of our club, I resolved to drown care in drink ; and accordingly turned into a porter-house ; where I found three fruit-women from Covent Garden, bound on the same errand.”

“What dram shall we have?’ says they.

“Brandy,’ says one.

“Gin,’ says another.

“Anniseed-water,’ says another.
And so they fell to and drank.

“I am happy that I ever came to this City of Lunnun; for my fortune s made,’ says Brandy.

“If my father lived, I would be brought up to good iddication,’ says Gin.

“If my mother lived, I would be brought up at a boarding-school,’ says Anniseed-water.

“Why, curse you,’ says Gin, ‘what was your mother but an old apple-woman?’

“And curse you,’ says Anniseed-water, ‘what was your father but a gallows-bird of a bum-bailiff?’

“ And then they fell a fighting and scratching ; and Anniseed-water (the present Mrs. Jerry Sullivan) was getting well cuffed, when I came to her assistance. So that was our first meeting.”

“ Defend me from all such first meetings !” cried I. “ And I suppose your courtship was just a match for it.”

“ Ah, it was my masterpiece !” cried he. “ Molly, you must know, felt so much obliged by my conduct, that she invited me home to tea, and I went. At that time she was a widow ; a fine doorful of a woman, as blooming a wench as you would wish to see over a washing tub. And her daughter, and a great deal of good company were there ;—the tailor’s wife, and the barber’s wife, and the pawnbroker’s wife :

and none so grand as they. And they told as many lies over a dish of tea, as a parcel of porters would over a barrel of beer. And a young valet swore, one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion; and then whispered Molly that she looked killing genteel. But I only pinched her elbow, and I thought she liked that better."

"That was very vulgar, however," observed I. "The first process is to kiss the hand."

"Ogh!" cried Jerry. "Is it to be mumbling the knuckles, just as a pup niggles at a bone. Dad, I am the manner of man, that takes, at once, and flusters a woman, and reckons her ribs for her. No creeping up, and up, and up; and then down, and down, and down, for me—Why now, as I hope

to be saved, I gave that same widow a thundering kiss, on three days acquaintance."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed I. "Well, and what did she say?"

"Say? why she said, 'Be quiet now,--- though I know you can't!' So, of course, I kissed her still more; while she changed colour in a minute, as often as a blackberry does in a month. 'Ha' done, then,' says she, 'or I will call out,--- only there is nobody at home;---when--- in pops the valet, and catches us lip to lip.

"Now he was a conceited sort of a chap, that used to set himself off with great airs, shew his white hands--- which, I verily believe, he washed every day of his life;---curse and swear just like a gentleman, keep a tooth-

brush, and make both his heels meet when he bowed.

“ Well, I had nothing upon earth to oppose against all this, but a bit of a quarrel;---that was *my* strong point;---so, sure enough, I gave him such a beating for catching us kissing, that the widow thought me main stout, and married me in a week.

“ With her money I set up shop; and I did not much mind her being ten years older than myself, since she was ten times richer. I only copied my own father there; for he once happened to be divided between a couple of girls, the prettiest of them portioned with one cow, and the ugliest with two; so he consulted his landlord which he should marry, and his landlord bade him marry the girl with the

two cows; for, says he, there is not a cow difference between any two women."

"Nay," said the Minstrel, "even the ancients thought less of a woman than of a cow; inasmuch as oftentimes, the first prize allotted in their games, was a cow, and the second a woman."

But now sleep began to pour its opiate over my eyes. The Minstrel and the Warden took their nocturnal station in the Red Chamber. Each was to keep alternate watch at the gate of the castle, and to toll the passing hour upon the bell.

The wind still moaned around the turret; and the fire, ghastly in decay, tinged with a fainter crimson the projecting folds of the black hangings. Dismal looked the bed as I drew near;

and while I lifted the velvet pall to creep beneath, I shivered, and almost expected to behold the apparition of a human face starting from under it. When I lay down, I closed my fearful eyes, lest I should see something hideous; nor was it till the third bell had tolled, that I fell asleep.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

I ROSE early this morning, and summoned Jerry to the Black Chamber; for my head was teeming with the most important projects.

“ My friend,” said I, “ though Lady Gwyn has already acknowledged me as the rightful owner, not alone of this castle, but of the house which she

herself inhabits, yet I cannot apply to my tenantry for rent, or even raise the price of a breakfast, till she surrenders the deeds and parchments, and puts me into legal possession. Now, since I fear I shall find her rather obstinate in this affair, I have determined on proposing a compromise, and on waving all title to the house and estate of Gwyn Castle, provided she will establish my title to the house and estate of Monkton Castle.

I shall therefore pay her Ladyship a visit immediately, but, as I was once before driven out of her house in disgrace, I shall return thither now, with such a numerous train of domestics, as will enable me to set both insult and injury at defiance.

“ You must therefore, my good Warden, go and hire, without farther

delay, a set of servants for me. Inform them, that I will give each, according to the feudal system, a portion of ground; that I will allow them to live in the castle, and finally that I will constitute them my feudal vassals. A tempting offer like this, must draw half the servants in the neighbourhood about you; so pray cull the flower of them. Go, my friend."

"Why then, now, speaking in all sober reason," said Jerry, "who but madmen would come, as servants, to a house without a roof? Arrah, would you have them build swallows' nests for themselves, under the windows, and live upon suction like the snipes?"

"Mr. Sullivan," said I, "cast no sarcasms, but do as you are desired."

"Well, from this moment, I say nothing," cried Jerry. "So now, your

Ladyship, how many of these same feudal Vessels, as you call 'em;--- these Vessels that are to have no drink——”

“ Jerry !——”

“ Well, well, how many must I hire? --- tell me, quick---and there is my hand upon my mouth till I am gone.”

“ About fifteen or twenty,” said I. “ But remember, I will have no dapper footmen, with smirking faces. I must have a clan like those that adorned the middle ages ; fellows with Norman noses, and all sorts of frowns--- men of iron, fit to live in comets.”

“ Ay, or they could not live in an old——” But Jerry clapped his hand upon his mouth just in time, and then ran down stairs.

During his absence, I paid a visit to the poor cottagers; and after having sat with them awhile, and promised them

assistance before evening, I returned towards the castle.

On approaching it, I perceived, to my great surprise, Jerry also advancing, at the head of about twenty men, armed with bludgeons.

“ Here are the boys !” cried Jerry. “ Here are the true sort. Few Norman noses, I believe, but all honest hearts ; and though they never lived in comets, egad, they lived in Ireland. Look at ’em. Hold up your heads, you dogs. Please your Ladyship, they came over only to save the hay, and reap the harvest ; but when they found their own countryman, and a pretty girl in distress, they soon volunteered their services ; and now here they are, ready for that same lady Gwyn, or any lady in the land.”

My heart dilated with exultation at

beholding this mighty retinue of feudal vassals ; and I welcomed them cordially. As it was expedient to inspire Lady Gwyn with respect and awe, I resolved on making the best possible display of my power, taste, and feudal magnificence. Having no horses for my barouche, I fixed to make some of my domestics draw it, as at a triumph ; and to make the rest follow it in procession. However, ragged and uncelebrated dresses, such as they wore, would never do ; but I think you will give me credit for my plan to supply them with a more creditable costume. Much of the black and of the red cloth still remained ; so we had only to divide it into large pieces, which the vassals might wear as cloaks ; and then by sticking black feathers in

their hats, they would rival even the Udolphian soldiery.

I had myself made up some flowing black drapery for Higginson, whom I meant to take in the barouche. But as minstrels never wear hats, and are always bald; and as Higginson still cherished his locks, with a spruceness most unmeet for minstrelsy, I persuaded him, after repeated assurances how much handsomer he would look, to let Jerry shave the crown of his head.

Accordingly, the Warden performed the tonsorial operation in the Black Chamber, while I remained in the Red, to adjust the feathers and cloaks on my domestics. These poor fellows, who, I suppose, had never read even a primer, much less a romance, stood gaping at each other with silent wonder;

though some of them attempted unmeaning, and, I must say, troublesome jests on what was going forward.

When accoutered, a more formidable and picturesque group than they presented, you never beheld ; and while I was still admiring them, down from the turret issued the Minstrel. But such a spectacle ! Half his huge head was shorn of its hair : his black garments, knotted just under his bare neck, gave a new ghastliness to his face ; while his eyes, which he rivetted upon me, were starting out of their sockets with anxiety and agitation. He looked preternatural. To contain was impossible ; I began laughing, and the Irishmen uttered a shout.

The poor man turned as pale as ashes ; his face began to work and quiver, and he burst into a piteous fit

of crying. Then suddenly, lifting a prodigious stone, he whirled it at Jerry's head ; who ducked for his life, and saved it.

“ Why then, curse on you, what did I do to you ?” cried Jerry.

“ You shaved my head, so as to spoil my looks,” cried the Minstrel. “ And you are endeavouring to out-rival me with my mistress, and she likes you better than me. Well, well, it cannot be holpen. Oh, dear, dear !”

I tried to sooth him ; but he turned from me with a froward shoulder, mounted the turret again, and continued sobbing there, as long as I remained. Having posted two sentinels upon the top of the tower, I now got into my barouche. Six vassals, in red cloaks, were deputed to draw it ; and the rest, in black, brought up the rear.

Jerry, whose hat I had distinguished with three feathers; and on whose black cloak I had fastened a scarlet cape, headed the whole. Never was a more august procession; and I will venture to assert, that this country, at least, never saw any thing like it.

As we paraded along the road, the people ran from their houses to gaze upon us. Some said we were strolling actors, others swore we were going to a funeral: all were astonished; and a rabble of boys and girls capered at our heels, and gathered as we went.

It was not till towards evening, that we reached Lady Gwyn's avenue. We paused there a moment, while I made my attendants wipe the barouche, shake the dust from their cloaks, adjust their feathers, and hold up their

heads. Then, with a beating heart, I found myself at the door.

The Warden pealed an authoritative rap. The door opened. The servant stared.

“ Inform the Lady Gwyn,” said I, “ that her niece, the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, desires the honour of a conference with her.”

The fellow grinned, and disappeared. In a few minutes, out came her Ladyship, accompanied by several guests; some of whose faces I remembered having seen there before.

They greeted me with great kindness and respect.

Carelessly bowing to Lady Gwyn, as I sat half reclined, I thus addressed her.

“ Lady Gwyn, I now come with a

proposal, which it is as generous in me to offer, as it will be politic in you to accept. And first learn, that I am at this moment holding actual possession of Monkton Castle, the seat of my renowned ancestors. To that castle, and to this house, your Ladyship has already acknowledged my right; and to both I can hereafter establish my claim by a judiciary process.

“ However, as I prefer a more amicable mode of adjustment, and am willing to spare the effusion of money; I now before the company present, declare, that I will make over this house and demesne to your Ladyship, and to your heirs for ever, provided you, upon your part, will surrender to me, without delay or reservation, the title-deeds of Monkton Castle,

and of all the Monkton estate. What says your Ladyship? Yes or no?"

"Lady Cherubina," returned her Ladyship, "I cannot think of entering into terms with you, till you restore the portrait, which you purloined from this house. But, meantime, as a proof of my desire to settle matters amicably, I request the honour of your company at dinner."

"Your Ladyship must excuse me," said I, with a noble air. "During our present dispute respecting this house, I should deem my entering it as a guest, derogatory to my honour and my dignity."

"Why then, death and 'ounds!" cried Jerry, "will you refuse so good an offer, after starving all the morning!"

“Starving!” exclaimed Lady Gwyn,

“We have not put a morsel inside our mouths this blessed day,” said Jerry; “and even yesterday we dined upon potatoes and milk, and a sort of a contrivance of a cake, that your Ladyship would’nt throw to your cat.”

I thought I should drop at this exposure of our poverty, and I commanded him to be silent.

“Time enough for silence when one has spoken,” cried he. “But sure, would’nt it vex a saint to hear you talking about honour and dignity, when all the time, that poor stomach of your’s is as empty as a sack!”

“Sensibly remarked,” said Lady Gwyn. “And pray, honest fellow, who are you?”

“Mr. Warden,” answered I quickly, lest he should speak again. “And

these are my feudal Vassals; and I have left my Minstrel, and the rest of my faithful people, on the battlements of the eastern tower, just over the Black Chamber, to guard my castle."

"And for all this fine talk," cried Jerry, "we have not so much as a rap farthing amongst the whole set of us! So pray, your Ladyship, do make her stay dinner—Do. Or may be," (said he, getting closer and whispering), "may be you would just lend her half-a-crown or so;—do now, and, 'pon my soul, I will pay you myself before this day week."

"Silence, traitor!" cried I, rising, and dignifying my manner. "I do not want a dinner: I would not accept of a dinner; but above all, of a dinner in this house, till I am mistress of it!"

"And now is it true," cried Jerry to

Lady Gwyn, "that the poor soul is really mistress of this house?"

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said her Ladyship.

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said the guests.

"Well, bad luck to me, if ever I believed it, till this moment," cried Jerry. "And why then won't your Ladyship give it up to her?"

"Because," answered she, "the quiet surrender of an estate is a thing unknown in romances."

"'Tis the only rational excuse that you can assign," cried I.

"Dinner is on the table, my lady," said the Butler coming to the door.

"Do you hear that?" cried Jerry. "And so you won't dine in this house till you are mistress of it?"

“Never, as I hope to see heaven!” answered I.

“And so,” cried he to Lady Gwyn, “you won’t make her mistress of it?”

“Never, as I hope to see heaven!” answered she.

“Why then,” cried Jerry, “since one refuses to dine in it till she is mistress of it; and since t’other owns, that she ought to be mistress of it, and yet won’t make her mistress of it; by the powers, ’tis I will make her mistress of it in half a shake!”

So saying, he shouted some words of an uncouth jargon (Irish, I suppose) to my Vassals, several of whom instantly darted into the house; while others began brandishing their sticks in the faces of the guests. Jerry himself ran, lifted me from the barouche, and

bore me into the hall; the rest beat back the gentlemen who were attempting to rush between us and the door, and then entered after us.

Jerry set me down, shut the door, and told me that I was now in quiet possession for ever and ever.

Meantime I stood motionless and amazed, while some of my domestics scudded, with merry uproar, through kitchen, parlour, drawing-room, garret; and drove footman, maid, valet, cook, scullion, lap-dog, all out of the house!

“ Jerry,” said I, “ there is no knowing how this will end. But come into that parlour, for some of my people are making a sad riot there.”

In we went; it was the dining-room, and to my great astonishment, I found about a dozen of my domestics already

round the table, eating and drinking just as if nothing had happened. In vain the Warden and I desired them to desist; they did not even hear us. They laughed and capered; tore entire joints with their hands, and swilled the richest wines from the decanters. The rest soon flocked in; and then such a scene of confusion arose, as struck me with utter dismay. And now, having glutted themselves, they ran to the windows, and exhibited the mangled meat and diminished wine before the straining eyes of Lady Gwyn. There she stood, amidst her friends, gesticulating like a Bedlamite; and as soon as I appeared, she beckoned me wildly to open the window.

I called the Warden, and made him raise the sash.

“Let us in, let us in!” she shrieked.

“ My house will be ruined by those miscreants ! Have you no pity ? Oh, let us in, let us in ! ”

“ Lady Gwyn,” said I calmly, “ these outrages are on my house, not on your’s. But rest assured, whatever injury your personal property sustains, is contrary to my wishes, and shall, by me, be most amply compensated.”

“ Gracious Heavens ! ” exclaimed she. “ My precious cabinet, and my furniture will all be demolished ! Won’t you save my house ? dear Madam, won’t you ? ”

“ *Your* house ? ” cried Jerry. “ Why just now you said it was my own lady’s house. So, if you told a lie, take the consequence. But we have got possession, and let me see who will dare drive us out.”

“ Here are they that will soon drive you out !” cried a servant.

“ Here they are, here they are !” echoed every one.

All eyes were directed down the avenue, and to my horror, I perceived a large party of soldiers, in full march towards the house.

“ We shall have a bloody battle of it,” said Jerry. “ But never fear, my lady ; we will fight to the last gasp. Hollo, lads, here is a battle for you !”

At that magic word, all the Irishmen clubbed their sticks, and ran forward.

“ We must surrender,” said I. “ Never could I bear the dreadful contest.”

“ By the mother that bore me,” cried Jerry, “ I will defend the house in spite of you !”

“ Then I will walk out of it.” said I.

“ Well, surrender away !” cried Jerry, “ and may all the—Oh ! murder, murder, to give up your own good and true house without a bit of a battle !”

By this time the soldiers had arrived, and the magistrate who was at their head, advancing under the window, commanded me to have the door opened instantly.

“ Provided you pledge yourself that none of my brave fellows shall be punished,” answered I.

“ Both they and you shall be punished with the utmost rigour of the law,” said the magistrate.

“ Then, if so,” cried I, “ and since I cannot keep possession of my house, I am resolved that no one else shall.

Know, Sir, I have, at this instant, six of my domestics, each with a lighted brand, stationed in different apartments; so the moment you order your men to advance, that moment I give the signal, and the house bursts into a blaze."

"If you dare," cried the magistrate.

"Dare!" cried Lady Gwyn. "The creature would dare any thing. Dare! why she burned a house once before; so pray make some conditions with her, or she will burn this now. Surely you must remember her being here last week, and how she——." And her Ladyship whispered something in his ear.

"Is this the girl?" said he, "Nay, that alters the affair."

"Well, Madam, (addressing me) "will you promise never to come here

again, provided I now permit you and your gang to pass without detention or unishment?"

"I will," answered I. "But I too must make some conditions. "In the first place, will your Ladyship give me back the box, with my clothes, jewels, and other valuables, which I left behind here?"

"Undoubtedly," answered she.

"In the next place," said I, "will you promise not to prevent me from inhabiting Monkton Castle, until such time as the law shall determine, which of us has a right to the contested estates?"

"Undoubtedly," answered she.

"And finally," said I, "I must have the distinct and unequivocal declaration of every individual present, that neither myself nor my people shall

suffer any molestation in consequence of what we have done.”

All present pledged their honours.

“ Very well,” said I, “ we will now open the door.”

Accordingly, we descended. The Warden opened it, and out I issued, with a majestic demeanour; while my awful band marched after their triumphant mistress.

Lady Gwyn and her guests hastened into the house, without even wishing me good evening; and the soldiers ranged themselves before the door.

In a few minutes, a servant came with my box. Having received it, I got into my barouche; and then, drawn by my Vassals, proceeded homeward.

“ Well, Jerry,” cried I, in a cheering tone. “ Well, Jerry, my lad !”

“ Well, Ma’am,” said Jerry.

“ Well,” cried I, “ that was famous, I think.”

“ What was famous, Ma’am ?” said Jerry.

“ Why that, all that.”

“ Death and ’ounds, all what ?”

“ Stupid man !” cried I. “ I say, then, have we not obtained the most decisive advantages ? Don’t you think it was a glorious affair ?”

“ I think,” said Jerry, “ it was the bluest business that ever a set of chicken-hearted poltroons botched amongst them !”

“ You may walk on, Sir,” said I.

Jerry tossed his hat at one side, and strutted forward.

“ Come back, dear Jerry,” cried I.

“ Here is my hand. You are a faithful fellow, and would have died for me.”

“ Ah, bless you !” cried he. “ You make war like a cat ; but you shake hands like an àngel !”

And now we began consulting, in good earnest, upon what was to be done ; for we had not a morsel of food or a farthing of money. I proposed assembling and haranguing the tenantry : Jerry suggested a petition to the charitable and humane. At last, after a long silence, he suddenly touched his forehead with his finger :

“ I have a thought !” said he. “ I heard your Ladyship mention something about jewels in your box. Egad, I will go, this moment, to the town where I found these Irish lads, pawn the jewels ; and bring back a cargo of eatables in their stead.”

I adopted the expedient. The casket was produced, off he set ;

and I proceeded homeward with my vassals.

Arrived, I dismissed them for the night; but bade them call next day, to receive five shillings a man. I then paid another visit at the cottage, and assured its inhabitants of speedy relief.

On my return, the Minstrel came sneaking towards me, with his head down, to beg my pardon for his passionate conduct in the morning. This I easily accorded; and he then informed me, that during my absence, he had composed a poem upon me, which he promises to recite to-morrow.

Soon afterwards, the Warden, crowned with success, came joyously jogging towards the castle, in a hired cart.

And now, having alighted, he put a heap of money into my hand.

“ There,” said he, “ there are twenty pounds, clear of all expences ; and now come see what I have brought you besides. Look there, my lady : six bottles of brandy,—six of wine, — two joints of mutton,—a surloin of beef,—a barrel of potatoes, — six pounds of tea,—six of sugar,—six loaves of bread ;—a score of eggs---salt, pepper, mustard. Then look you here : a kettle---six knives and forks---six plates ---six glasses---six cups and saucers---six spoons---a gridiron, a saucepan, and a teapot. Well, an’t Jerry Sullivan the fellow after all ?”

“ I could have just done the same myself,” said the Minstrel ; “ and I would have bought some books besides.”

“ And what would be the use of books ?” cried the Warden. “ The

world is all the worse for books. Had Adam and Eve books?"

"No," said the Minstrel, in extreme wrath; "nor six bottles of brandy, nor a surloin of beef either."

"And by the same token they lost Paradise," cried the Warden. "I tell you what, my man: if Eve had known the comforts of a hot beefsteak, bad luck to me, but the devil could never have tempted her with an apple!"

The several articles being now deposited in the archives of the castle, and the cart being discharged, we kindled a fire, and cooked a most delicious repast. I then sent some victuals to the poor cottagers; and afterwards dismissed the Minstrel and Warden to their nightly post.

It is probable that I may reside some time at the castle. As to the villa, I

wish Lady Gwyn joy of it. I would not live in it, if she paid me : for I think it a perfect fright. Conceive the difference between the two. The villa, mere modern lath and plaster ; with its pretty little draperies, and its pretty little pillars, and its pretty little bronzes. Nice, new, neat, and charming, are the only adjectives applicable to it ; whereas antique, sublime, terrible, picturesque, and Gothic, are the Epic epithets appropriate to my Castello. What signify laced footmen, Chinese vases, Grecian tripods, and Turkish sofas, in comparison with feudal Vassals, ruined towers, black hangings, dampness, and ivy ? And to a person of real taste, a single stone of this old edifice, is worth a whole waggon of such stones as the onyx, and sardonyx, and those other barbarous baubles be-

longing to Lady Gwyn. But nothing diverts me more than the idea, that her poor Ladyship is twice as old as the house she lives in! I have got a famous simile on the occasion. What think you of a decayed nut in an unripe shell? The woman is sixty if she is a day.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

THE moist shadows of Night had fled, Dawn shook the dew from his rosy ringlets; and the Sun, that well-known gilder of Eastern Turrets, arose with his usual punctuality. I too rose, and having now recovered my wardrobe, enjoyed the luxury of changing my dress; for, as I had worn the same garb several successive days, I was be-

come a shocking slattern. How other heroines manage, I cannot conceive. Many of them, I remember, were thrown among mountains, or confined in cells, and chambers, and caverns, full of slime, mud, vermin, dust, and cobwebs; where they remained whole months, without either linen or soap, water or towel, brush or comb: and yet at last, when rescued from captivity, forth they walked, glittering like the morning star; as fragrant as a lily, and as fresh as an oyster.

We breakfasted upon the top of the Tower; and after our repast, the Minstrel begged permission to repeat his poem. With an emphatic enunciation, he thus began:

MONKTON CASTLE.

A METRICAL ROMAUNT.

I.

Awake, my harp, sweet plaintiff, wake once
more,

While Evening, draped in shadowy amice dim,
Steals westward to the Mississipian shore,

And edges Ocean with a fiery rim.

Damp't by her dews, tho' dull thy music grow,
(As crabbed critics check my natural strain)

The morning shall return, the Sun shall glow,

The damping dews shall fly, the harp shall
sound again.

II.

It was a Castle of turrets grey,

In nettles and grass bedight ;

Withouten a curtained window for day,

Withouten a roof for night.

Yet once it had chambers, meet, I am sure,

For Wassail and Bell-accoyle ;

Where a Belamay, and a Belamoure,

In sly Bellgards mote moyl."

“ By Dad,” said the Warden, “ those same chambers had bells enough to bother the Rookery of Thomastown, and that is the largest in Ireland !”

The bard resumed :

III.

Nathlesse, to stablsh her rights, I ween,
Liv'd in this Castle young Cherubine ;
Her cheeks, where dimples made beauteous
breach,
Daintily dawned, and the down on each,
Was soft as fur of unfinger'd peach.
Her glances shot out a dewy flame,
And the sky is blue, and her eyes were the same.

IV.

The Minstrel to the Castle hied,
His mother's hope, his mother's pride.
Gramercy, how that mother cried !
' Here, my delight and darling, take
This bread, and chicken ; and this cake,
That I have made the baker bake.
So now one kiss.--Ah, Jemmy, ah !'
Were the last words of his mamma.

V.

He was a gentle man of thought,
And grave, but not ungracious aught.
His face with thinking lines was wrought.
Yet, tho' he pledged expensive books,
To spend the money on his looks :
Felt Cherubina such disdain,
That the poor Minstrel, with his strain,
 From the hour which is natal,
 To the hour which is fatal,
Might sing his humble love in vain."

" Eh ! what? what's all that ?" cried Jerry. " Why sure—body o'me, sure you an't—Oh, confound me, but 'tis making love to the mistress you are !"

The minstrel reddened, and then more pointedly repeated :

VI.

" Yet her favoured Warden, could he but sing,
He not unlistened, would touch the string.

Tho' he was a man with unchiselled face ;
From eye to eye too petty a space ;
A jester withouten one Attic joke,
And the greatest liar that ever spoke !”

“ Bad luck to you, what do you mean ?” cried Jerry, running towards him. “ I will box you for a shilling !”

“ I will box you for your life ;” exclaimed the Minstrel, starting up, “ though that is not worth half the money.”

“ Hold, my friends !” cried I. “ Higginson, I declare, your conduct is that of a child.”

“ Because you treat me like one ;” whimpered he, “ while you treat him like a man.”

“ At least,” said I, “ you should treat him like a gentleman.”

“ Arrah,” cried Jerry, “ rouse your-

self from your snivelling jealousies, and give us a shake of the fist.”

“ Well, well,” said the Minstrel, “ here is my hand, Mr. Sullivan. The propitiation of a conciliatory observation, is better than excitation to personal encounter.”

“ Or in plain English,” said Jerry, “ a word to the heart is better than a blow at the head. An’t that it? But here, now, you and her Ladyship call me a liar: and for what? Why, merely because I happened to say I saw that unlucky Pacific Ocean, and those curst particoloured seas, when I did’nt. And now what harm was a lie like that? Harm? Hang me, but here are some lies worthier and better than some truths. An’t it better to tell a lie of, ‘ I’m glad to see you ;’ than a truth of ‘ I don’t care a button about you?’

And give me the man that swears my mother will live, when he knows she won't, rather than the grim dog, that says, 'Sir, the woman will be a corpse to-morrow morning.' Why now, without lies, how could the world wag at all at all? Sure, an't Bonaparte, who conquered half the world, the greatest Bouncer in it? And sure, if I had'nt told lies for my mistress, about her not being at home, I could never have kept my place a day; and sure, the moment I told her a bit of a truth, I got kicked out of the house. Oh, yes, indeed! we call a man a terrible rascal, if he tells truths that make against us: but if he tells lies that make for us, 'tis, 'give me your hand, my good friend, and my dear friend;' ay, faith, 'and my honest friend.' And moreover, a poor man is ruined for telling the same

lies that are thought nothing in the mouth of a gentleman. And sure, didn't her Ladyship herself, tell the biggest lie in Christendom, when she swore to the magistrate, that she had six firebrands ready for setting the house on fire? Faith and conscience, I could not believe my ears! And sure, didn't yourself, Mr. Higginson, say something in your poem, just now, about her Ladyship's having a cheek that dawned? A cheek dawn? 'Pon my salvation, Mr. Higginson, I wonder at you!"

"Why," said the Minstrel, in some confusion, "we poets are permitted a peculiar latitude of language; which enables us to tell Homeric falsehoods, without fear of prosecution from the society for discountenancing vice. Thus, when we speak of,

‘The lightning of her smile,’

we do not expect one to believe that fire comes out of her mouth, when she laughs with it.”

“Not unless her teeth were flints,” said the Warden. “But if you said that fire came out of her eyes, one would believe you sooner; for this I know, that many and many a time Molly has struck fire out of mine.”

“A heroine’s eye,” said I, “gives a greater scope to the poet than any thing in the world. It is all fire and water. If it is not beaming, or sparkling, it is sure to be drowned or swimming —”

“In the Pacific Ocean, I hope,” cried the Warden.

“No, but in tears,” said the Minstrel. “And of these there is an infinite variety. There is the big tear,

and the bitter tear, and the salt tear, and the scalding tear.”

“ And, ah !” cried I, “ how delightful, when two lovers lay cheek to cheek, and mingle these tears ; or when the tender youth kisses them from the cheek of his mistress.”

“ Troth, then,” said Jerry, “ that must be no small compliment, since they are so brackish and so scalding. Water itself is maukish at any time, but salt water is the devil. Well, if I took such a dose of tears, I would be after seasoning it with a dram, or my name is not Jerry.”

“ And, indeed, I wish Jerry were not your name,” said I. “ ’Tis so vulgar for a Warden. I have often thought of altering it to *Jeronymo* ; which, I fancy, is the Italian for *Jerry*. Nothing can equal Italian names ending in O.”

“ Except Irish names beginning with O,” cried Jerry.

“ Nay,” said I, “ what can be finer than Montalto, Stefano, Morano, Rinaldo, Ubaldo, Utaldo ?”

“ I will tell you what is finer,” said Jerry. “ O’Brien, O’Leary, O’Flaherty, O’Flannigan, O’Guggerty, O’Shaughnassy—”

“ Oh, ecstasy !” exclaimed a voice just beneath the turret. I looked down, and beheld — Montmorenci himself, clad in complete steel, and raising his extended arms towards me, with a grace that mocked mortal pencil.

I waved my hand and smiled.

“ What ? whom do I behold ?” cried he. “ Ah, ’tis but a dream ! Yet I spoke to her, I am sure I spoke to her ; and she beckoned me. Merciful powers ! Wherefore this terror ? Is it not

Cherubina, and would Cherubina harm her Montmorenci ?”

“ Jerry, Jerry,” said I ; “ run down to the Black Chamber, and clean it out quick. Sweep the ashes into a corner, put the bottle in your pocket, slip the leg of mutton under the bed. Run, run, run ! - My lord, the Lady Cherubina hastens to receive your Lordship at her ever-open portal.”

I then descended, and met him beneath the gateway. His greeting was frantic, but decorous ; mine tender, but reserved. Several very elegant things were said on both sides. Of course, he snatched my hand, and carried it to his lips.

At last, when I supposed that Jerry had regulated the room above, I conducted his Lordship up stairs ; while I anxiously anticipated his delight at be-

holding so legendary, fatal, and inconvenient a chamber.

His astonishment, indeed, was excessive. He stared round and round, admired the hangings, the pictures, the bed, the nettles; every thing.

“I see,” said he, approaching the ashes, “that you are even classical enough to burn a fire of wood. But ha!—(and he started), what do mine eyes behold beneath these embers? A BONE, by all that is horrible! Perhaps part of the skeleton of some hysterical Innocent, or some pathetic Count, who was murdered centuries ago, in the haunted apartment of this mysterious castle. Interesting relic! Speak, Lady Cherubina. Is it as I suspect?”

“Why,” said I, “I believe—that is to say—for aught I can tell——”

“Bless your Ladyship!” cried Jerry,

“sure ’tis nothing at all at all, but the blade-bone of mutton, which was broiled for your supper last night !”

“Impossible, Sir,” said his Lordship. “A heroine never eats any thing less delicate than the leg of a lark, or the wing of a chicken.”

“Pray, Mr. Blunderer,” whispered I to Jerry, “did I not bid you clean out the room ?”

“You didn’t say a word about the blade-bone,” answered Jerry.

“But did I not bid you clean out the room ?” repeated I.

“Don’t I tell you—” cried Jerry.

“Can’t you speak low ?” said I.

“Don’t I tell you that not one syllable about the blade-bone ever came outside your lips ?”

“Grant me patience !” said I. “An-

swer me yes or no. Did I, or did I not, order you to clean out the room?"

"Now curse me," said he, "if you an't all this time confounding the blade-bone of mutton, with the leg of mutton, that you bade me put under the bed. And accordingly——"

"Gracious goodness!" said I, "can't you speak within your breath?"

"And accordingly," whispered he, "I put it under the velvet pall, 'cause I thought it might be seen under the bed."

"Well, that, at least, shewed some sort of discretion," said I.

"Though, with all my pains," said Jerry, "there is the man in the tin clothes, has just stripped down that same pall, and discovered the mutton,

and the saucepan, and the bag of salt, and the pewter spoons, and the brandy bottle, and the—”

“ Oh, Jerry, Jerry !” said I, “ after that, I give you up !”

I then called his Lordship, and drew off his attention, by commencing an account of what had happened me, since our parting. He listened with great eagerness ; and, after my recital, begged of the Warden to accompany him down stairs, that they might consult together, upon my present situation.

They descended ; I remained alone. Montmorenci had left his helmet, shield, and spear behind. I pressed each of them to my heart, heaved several sighs, and paced the chamber. Still I felt that I was not half tender enough ; something was still wanting, and I had just asked myself, could that something

be Love? when I heard a sudden disturbance below; his Lordship exclaiming, "Oh, what shall I do?" and Jerry crying, "grin and bear it!"

Down I hastened; and beheld Jerry belabouring that nobleman; whose mouth was already gushing blood.

"Wretch," cried I, "forbear."

"Not till I beat a rainbow into his face!" cried Jerry. "The ruffian! to go and offer me half your fortune, if I would assist him in running away with you."

"'Tis false, Sirrah!" cried his Lordship.

"False as the Prince of Lies, my Montmorenci!" said I. "So now, Sullivan, take your choice---ask pardon, or quit my service, this very moment."

"But can his asking pardon, restore

the teeth he has knocked down my throat?" exclaimed his Lordship, with a finger in his mouth.

"Teeth!" cried I, shuddering.

"Two teeth," lisped he.

"Two teeth!" exclaimed I, faintly.

"Two front upper teeth," lisped he again.

"Then all is over!" muttered I.

"Matters have taken a dreadful turn."

"What do you mean?" cried he.

"My lord," said I, "are you quite, quite certain that you have lost those teeth?"

"See yourself," cried he, lifting his lip. "They are gone, gone for ever!"

"They are gone indeed," said I.

"And now---you may be gone too!"

"I be gone?" cried he. "What the mischief ——"

"My lord," said I, solemnly; "you

must already be well aware, that a full, complete, and perfect set of teeth, are absolutely indispensable to a Hero."

"Well?" cried he, starting.

"Well then," said I, "since you have now lost two of your teeth, it follows--- pardon me----- that you are no longer a Hero."

"You stretch my heart-strings!" shouted he. "Speak! what hideous whim is this?"

"No whim, my lord," answered I; "but principle; principle founded upon the Law Heroic; founded upon that Law, which rejects as Heroes, the maimed, the blind, the deformed, and the crippled. Oh, my good lord, trust me, trust me, teeth are just as necessary in the formation of a Hero, as of a comb."

"By Heaven," cried he; "I can get

other teeth at a Dentist's;---a composition of paste, which would amaze you! I can, by Heaven!"

"Then that you may, my lord," said I, "and be happy with them; for never will you be happy with me."

"I am wilder than madness itself!" exclaimed he; "I am more desperate than despair! I will fly to the ends of the earth, and throw my ideas into a sonnet. On a fine summer's evening, when you walk towards the mountains, sometimes think of me."

"Never as a lover, my lord;" said I; "and, oh, how it shocks me to think, that I should ever have received you as one!"

He commenced a tremendous imprecation; but was interrupted by the sudden arrival of a gentleman on horse-back, with two servants after him.

The gentleman stopped, alighted, approached.

“ Mr. Betterton !” exclaimed I ;
“ can it be possible ?”

“ Nothing is impossible,” said he, with his confirmed smile, “ when the charming Cherubina prompts our efforts. You remember, you left me in a dilemma, which your facetious friend, Stuart, had contrived ;---it was an admirable manœuvre, ’pon my soul ;---and I made my friends so merry with an account of it. Well, I remained in durance vile, till the Sessions ; when none appearing to prosecute, the judge discharged me ; so the earliest use I made of my liberty, was visiting Lady Gwyn ; who told me that I should see you here :---here, therefore, I am ; and find you just as much of the angel as ever.”

I thanked him ; and then whispered the Warden to run towards the village, and call my Vassals ; as the Castle lost much of its pomp without them.

Betterton and Montmorenci soon recognized each other ; for you may remember they had met at the closet-scene ; and already were they casting reciprocal looks of suspicion and jealousy, when, on a sudden, three men turned short round the western tower, and stood before me.

“ There is the woman ! ” cried one of them, pointing me out.

I looked at the speaker, and perceived that he was the identical postilion who had brought down the barouche.

“ Your name is Cherry Wilkinson,” said another of them, advancing.

“ Sir,” said I, haughtily, “ my name is Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.”

“ That is your *travelling* name,” rejoined he: “ and now, Miss, look at this warrant. I arrest you, in the King’s name, for having swindled the coach-maker out of yonder barouche.”

He seized me. I screamed.

“ A rescue!” cried his Lordship, and collared him.

“ A rescue!” cried Betterton, and collared another.

“ A rescue!” cried the servants, and fell upon the third.

In short, the constables and the postillion soon got a dreadful drubbing; and at last, were happy to make their escape across the common.

“ This rescue, however, may prove

a serious affair," said Betterton. " Mr. Grundy, will you step aside, and advise with me?"

They retired, and talked together some time. At length they returned, and Betterton thus addressed me:—

" Lady Cherubina, our zeal for you has induced us to assault officers, in the discharge of their duty. If, therefore, we remain at this castle much longer, we shall certainly be arrested and hanged."

" Then, pray, fly this moment!" exclaimed I.

" Yes, if your Ladyship will fly with us," said Betterton.

" No, Sir," answered I. " I shall remain here; for I am innocent of the assault."

" But they will seize you for swindling," said Betterton.

“Then I will go with them,” answered I, “establish my innocence, and return triumphant; whereas, if I act upon the skulking system, I cannot reside here at all.”

Montinorenci now joined his entreaties, but I remained immoveable. Again they retired to consult, and again came forward.

“Lady Cherubina,” said Betterton, “you must excuse me when I say, that both this gentleman and myself conceive ourselves fully warranted, by principles of regard for your welfare, in compelling, if we cannot persuade you, to leave this castle.”

“In compelling me?” cried I. “Santa maria! But I disdain to hold farther parley with you. Farewell for ever.”

“Stop her!” cried Betterton.

“ Higginson !” cried I. “ Help, Higginson !”

His Lordship ran forward, and caught me round the waist ; just as the Minstrel, with his pen across his mouth, came issuing from the castle.

“ Save me, save me !” exclaimed I.

The Minstrel, brandishing his collected knuckles, struck Montmorenci to the ground. Betterton and his servants instantly assailed the Minstrel ; but he felled a man at every blow, and every blow was like the kick of a horse. Still what could he do against four ? If one dropped, three stood. And now they had hemmed him round ; and now his breath grew shorter, and his blow slower, and all appeared lost, when, transport to my sight ! I beheld Jerry, with several Vassals, come running towards us. They reach us : the tide

of battle turns; his Lordship and the servants are well beaten with bludgeons, and Jerry himself does the honours to Betterton, in a kicking.

Nobody could bear it more gently than he did; but after it was over, he mounted his horse, and vociferated:—

“ Now, by all that is sacred, I will go this moment, raise the neighbourhood, and drive you from your nest, you vipers,---you common nuisances! Lady Gwyn’s castle shall no longer be made the receptacle of maniacs and marauding Irishmen!”

So saying, off he galloped on one horse, and his Lordship on another; while the servants retreated as well as they could.

We now held a grand Council of War; for affairs began to wear a most alarming aspect. If Betterton should

really put his threat of raising the neighbourhood, into execution, a most formidable force might soon be collected against us. After much deliberation, therefore, it was decided, that some of the Vassals should instantly be dispatched to hasten the remainder; and to collect others of their countrymen, who were in adjoining villages.

At this crisis, I recollected Susan.

“Now is the time,” thought I, “for the gratitude of this amiable girl to manifest itself. I have rescued her from a criminal attachment; she will rescue me from an inexorable foe; and so will end the Episode.

I therefore wrote a note, reminding her of past services, informing her of my present situation, and begging that she would immediately

raise a counterposse in my favour. This I sent by a vassal.

During the awful interval which ensued, I ordered the Warden and the Minstrel up to the Black Chamber.

“Warden,” said I, “both my person and my property hang upon the issue of this approaching contest. Will you stand by me? Will you, Warden?”

“Will you, Warden!” repeated he. “Why then, if ever your Ladyship deserved that I should’nt, ’tis for that very ‘Will you, Warden!’”

“And, will you, Minstrel?” said I.

“Till I drop,” answered the Minstrel; “provided you promise not to tell my mamma.”

“I will not, upon my word,” said I.

“And honour?”

“And honour.”

“Because,” said he, “a few weeks ago, I got a black eye from a porter, who was insulting a turnspit; and when I returned home, mamma sent me to bed without my dinner.”

“Now,” said I, “I constitute you, Sullivan, Commander of the forces; and you, Higginson, Commander of the Castle. Go, therefore, Higginson; bring me up six picked men, as body-guards; and also the tin horn. Go, Sullivan, dispatch scouts, plant sentinels and outposts, repair the breaches, and blockade the windows with stones.”

They retired. I paused to reflect upon the sublime part which I was about performing. I was about laying the foundation of a feudal colony. I was about restoring that chivalric age, when neighbouring Barons were deadly foes, and their sons and daughters clan-

destine lovers; that age, when Heroines headed armies; and when the Lady Buccleugh and Beatrice, Duchess of Cleves, flourished.

“ And these,” cried I, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, “ these shall now be the immortal models of the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.”

As I spoke, up came Higginson and the guards. I equipped them in black cloaks and feathers, and made them mount guard on the battlements above.

Not having a white and azure standard, as Beatrice had, I tore off the skirts of two robes—a white and a blue; stitched them together, fastened them to the pole of the barouche, and then made Higginson plant this banner upon the top of the tower.

And now an outscout, quite breathless, arrived with the important intelli-

gence, that a large party of Lady Gwyn's tenantry were already gathering, at Betterton's instigation, about half a mile distant.

Instantly afterwards, the messenger, whom I had sent to Susan, returned with the information, that she would certainly assemble her friends, and assist me.

Another vassal then came back, bringing a fresh accession of Irishmen; and every successive moment, more and more arrived; till, at last, we mustered to the amount of fifty.

All being ready, I determined upon ascending the battlements, and haranguing my men. But as I knew nothing whatever of popular orations, except what I had sometimes heard my reputed father read, my only alternative was to imitate these, and also

the speech of Beatrice, in the Knights of the Swan.

However, that I might appear with a suitable degree of grandeur, and at once awe my foes and charm my friends, I first flung my embroidered gauze over my robe; next, (like ancient Heroines, who wore armour in the day of battle), I placed upon my head the helmet of Montmorenci; and lastly, I snatched his shield and his spear.

Thus equipped, I mounted, with a beating heart, to the top of the tower.

There I found every preparation complete. The white and azure standard was streaming gloriously. The guards lined the parapet; and underneath the turret, I beheld the whole of my troops, marshalled in a long line, and grasping their oaken arms.

The spectacle was grand and im-

posing. Lightly I leaned on my spear ; and while my feathered casque pressed my ringlets, and my tissued drapery floated to the breeze, and glistened to the sun ; I stood upon the battlements, mildly sublime, sweetly stern, amiable in arms, and adorned with all the terrible graces of Beauty Belligerent.

A profound silence prevailed. I waved my spear, and thus began :

“ My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame. Two days have I now been sovereign of this castle ; and I hope I may flatter myself, that I have added to its prosperity. Young, and without experience, I merely claim the merit of blameless sentiments and intentions.

“ Threatened with a barbarous incursion from my deadliest enemies, I have deemed it indispensable to collect,

for my defence, a faithful band of Vassals. They have flocked at my call, and I thank them.

“ I promise them all such laws and institutions, as shall secure their happiness. I will acknowledge the Majesty of the People ;—(Applause). I will institute a full, fair, and free Representation ;—(Applause). And I will establish a Radical Reform ; or, in other words, a revival of the Feudal System. (Shouts of applause).

“ I promise that there shall be no dilapidated hopes and resources ; no army of mercenaries, no army of spies, no inquisition of private property, no degraded aristocracy, no oppressed people, no confiding parliament, no irresponsible minister. (Acclamation). In short, I promise every thing. (Thunders of acclamation).

“ Such is the constitution, such are the privileges, which I propose. Now, my brave fellows, will you consent, on these conditions, to rally round my standard; to live in my service, and to die in my defence?”

“ Ay, ay, ay!” shouted they.

“ Thank you, my generous followers; and the crisis is just approaching, when I shall prove your loyalty. Already my mortal foe prepares to storm my castle, and drive me from my hereditary domain. Already he has excited my tenantry to Rebellion. Should he conquer us, I must return to my tears, and you to your sickles. But should we repel him, the cause of Liberty will triumph. What heart but throbs, what voice but shouts, at the name of Liberty? (Huzza!) Is there a man amongst you, who would not lay

down his life for Liberty? (Huzza!) And if, on this important occasion, I might take the liberty---(Huzza!) to dictate, I would demand of you to sacrifice every earthly consideration in her cause. I do demand it of you, my friends. I call upon your feelings, your principles, and your interest, to risk family, property, and life, in a cause so just, so wise, and so glorious. Let foot, eye, heart, hand; be firm, be stern, be valiant, be invincible!"

I ceased, the soldiery tore the blue air with acclamations, and the crowds overhead flew swifter at the sound.

I now found that a popular speech was not difficult; and I judged, from my performance, that the same qualities which have made me so good a Heroine, would, if I were a man, have made me just as illustrious a Patriot.

“Silence, lads,” cried Jerry, breaking into full brogue, “and I will make a bit of a speech ; but as to the long words her Ladyship used, I got a surfeit of ’em once, so I’ll pass ’em over now ; tho’ I do suppose her honourable Ladyship meant all for the best. Mind, lads, devil a hair are we to care, you know, whether her Ladyship is right or wrong about this business of the castle ; only if she’s wrong, ’tis more our duty to take her part. For people can find friends enough, when they’re in the right, but the true friend is he that sticks by one, right or wrong. I say then, we don’t know whether her Ladyship has justice on her side or not ; but this we know, that she is a woman, and in distress ; and that we are Irishmen, and have shillelaghs ! (shouts) So, do you hear, boys ? scratch out entirely that you

are in England; and just fancy yourselves at Donnybrook Fair, going to have a famous set to of sticks! (Huzzas) Eh, my boys? Don't you remember the good old fun at Donnybrook Fair? And how we used to break each other's heads there, without meaning any harm at all at all? And for certain, 'tis the finest thing in the world, when a body gives a body a neat, clean, bothering blow over the scull, and down he drops like a sack; and then rises, and shakes himself, like a wet spaniel, and begins again as merrily as ever! (great huzzaing) So, now boys, if any of you tumble, mind you get up quick, and don't sneak with your noses on the ground, like shying Paddy Goggin. Fight it out, my hearties; egad fight it out, till you are as weak as a horse! (much laughter) Ay, lads,—for all your

laughing—as weak as a horse. Sure an Irishman, when he’s tired will be only as weak as a horse; for when he’s not tired, by the powers, he’s as strong as a lion! (shouts of applause) And if your right arms get disabled, fight with your left; just as I did, the day I was sawing off the branches of a tree, and by some mistake or other, sawed off the branch I was astride upon, and down I fell ten feet, and broke my arm. And a fellow begins a laughing. Oho, says I, if I don’t soon make you laugh at the wrong side of your mouth, says I; and I whips up a branch, and we sets to, my left against his right; and never was such a threshing as he got—I mean as I know he would have got, only, somehow, he happened, first of all, to beat my head as soft as pap;—and that was cursed hard, you know, boys. So

now, success, my hearties ! Spit upon your hands, club your sticks, then hi for Donnybrook Fair ; and never heed me if we hav'nt a nice comfortable fight of it. Fighting may be an Englishman's business ; but, by the Lord Harry, 'tis an Irishman's amusement !”

Rude as was this rhetoric, it touched the domestic spring of their hearts ; and my patriotic promises did not produce half such a roar of delight as succeeded it.

Silence was but just restored, when I beheld, from my turret, our enemies advancing, in vast numbers, across the common. I confess my heart sank at the sight ; but I soon called to mind the courage of the Feudal Heroines ; and besides, I recollected that I was in no personal danger myself. Then, the

greatness of the cause animating me with ardour I exclaimed :

“ Lo ! yonder come our enemies. To arms, to arms ! blow, blow the horn ! ”

The Trumpeter blew the horn.

The Warden then stationed his men just in front of the gateway, which was the only vulnerable entrance into the castle ; and my guards, poising huge stones, leaned forward over the battlements. All were prepared.

And now the foe, having approached within forty paces, halted to reconnoitre. The traitor Montmorenci, divested of his armour, commanded in person. Betterton was seen on horseback, at a distance ; and the hostile troops themselves, who were about seventy, stood brandishing stakes, bludgeons, and poles. As all my men,

the guards included, were only fifty, I looked round, with anxious expectation for Susan and her succours; but no sign of them appeared.

Montmorenci now began to form his troops into a compact phalanx, with the poles and stakes in front; evidently for the purpose of piercing our line, and forcing the gateway. Jerry, therefore, called in both the wings, and strengthened the centre. At this instant a thought struck me.

“Soldiers,” cried I, “the moment you hear the horn sound, whether you are conquering or not conquering, hurry back to the gateway and make a stand there. You will not forget?”

“No, no, no!”

“You will recollect?”

“Ay, ay, ay!”

“Three cheers!” cried the Warden.

They gave three cheers.

“And now, my brave defenders,” cried I, success attend your arms!”

As I spoke, the foe began advancing at a rapid rate: my troops awaited them with firmness. And now, when they had approached within fifteen paces of the castle, I gave the word to my guards, who hurled two vollies of stones in quick succession. Part of the foremost rank were staggered; some behind fell, and amidst the confusion, in rushed my troops, with a tremendous shout. Thick pressed the throng of waving heads, and loud grew the clamour of voices, and the clatter of staffs; while the wielded weapons appeared and disappeared, like fragments of a wreck on the tossing surges. For some moments, both armies fought in one unbroken mass; those struggling

to gain the gateway, these to prevent them. But soon, as two streams, rushing from opposite mountains, and meeting in the valley, broaden into a lake, and run off in little rivulets ; so the contending ranks, after the first encounter, began to widen by degrees, and scatter over the plain. And now they were seen intermingled with each other, and fighting man to man. Warriors dropped and rose, and dropped again. Here a small wing of my brave troops, hemmed round on all sides, were defending themselves with incredible fury. There, a larger division were maintaining a desperate contest : while up and down, a few straggling Vassals, engaged in single combat, were driving their antagonists before them. Just at this juncture, Montmorenci, with a chosen band, that he kept round his

person, had attacked the Warden, and a few who fought beside him. These placed their backs against an old oak, and performed prodigies of valour; but at last, overpowered by numbers, were beginning to retire, covered with glory, when I sent forth four of my guards, as a corps de reserve. These rushed upon the chosen band, broke through it, and joined the Warden. Again the contest became equal, and the Warden made a sudden spring forward to attack Montmorenci. But this prudent general, who was always behind his men, eluded him; and at the same moment, received a reinforcement. I then saw him point out the Warden; and instantly a desperate charge was made, to take my Chief prisoner. And now I see him struck down, and his enemies over him, belabouring him furiously.

I shriek, I call to spare him ; I conjure Higginson and another vassal to run and rescue him. Higginson has no arms ; but down he rushes, and soon issues from the portal, bareheaded, his cloak flying, and his hand brandishing the leg of mutton;---but to me he seems an angel of mercy. He reaches the spot, presses through the throng, stands astride over the Warden, and fells numbers. All now depends upon his prowess. I gasp, spread my hands, hang upon his blows ; wince as the sticks strike him, and move as he moves, with agonized mimickry.

At length the Warden jumps up ! But in the same instant, I perceive Montmorenci beckoning his men towards the turret ; and I recollect that I have only one solitary defender remaining there. This is the crisis of

the battle. If the foe now reach the turret, I am made a prisoner. A moment more, and all is lost.

“ Blow the horn !” cried I.

The Trumpeter blew the horn.

At this signal, I see my dispersed troops come pouring from all quarters, towards the Castle. They reach the gateway, halt, and form a front before it. The foe, who had followed, in a confused and scattered manner, seeing them, on a sudden, so formidable, stop short.

“ Guards, come into the castle !” cried I.

The guards obeyed.

“ Now, soldiers,” cried I to the rest, “ rush upon the foe, before they can collect again ; keep in a body with your captain, and the day is our own.

Spring on them like lions! Away, away!"

The whole army shouted, and burst forward in a mass. Jerry led the van. Montmorenci, with his sacred squadron, fled before them. They pursued, overtook the fugitives, and after a short skirmish, made the whole detachment prisoners; while the remainder, in scattered parties, stood at a distance, and dared not advance. Never was a more decisive victory. Jerry marched back, holding Montmorenci fast; the troops followed, escorting eight other prisoners, and Higginson, with his leg of mutton, worn to the bone, brought up the rear. They halted at the gateway, and gave three cheers.

Palpitating with transport, I com-

manded Jerry to tie the prisoners' hands behind their backs; to place sentinels over them, and to confine them in the Green Chamber of the Northern Tower.

As for Montmorenci, his rank demanded more respect; so I ordered his Lordship, unfettered, into the Black Chamber. There, amidst my guards, I stood to receive him; and surely, if ever grandeur and urbanity were blended in one countenance, they met in mine, at that immortal moment.

“My lord,” said I, “Victory, who long flapped her doubtful pinions over the field, has at length descended upon my legions; and has crowned the scale of Justice with the laurel of Glory. But though she has also put the person of the hostile Chieftain in my power, think not I intend to exercise that

power harshly. Within these walls, your Lordship shall experience hospitable treatment ; but beyond them you cannot be permitted, till my rights are re-established, and my rebellious Vassals restored to their allegiance."

" Fal la la, la la la," hummed his Lordship, as he began stepping a minuet.

" Pinion him hand and foot!" cried I, quite disgusted and enraged.

" That I will!" said Jerry, " his feet in particular ; for though he talks big, he runs fast. Egad, he's all voice and legs like a grasshopper."

Leaving Jerry to perform this office, I descended, and found my men within the walls, wiping their faces, and bandaging their wounds ; but they forgot all in their cordial greetings. I sent one of them to watch at the gateway,

and one at the top of the tower; made others kindle a fire in the area of the castle, produced my provisions, and bade the whole army cook a dinner for themselves. So they put down the potatoes, cut the surloin into slices, portioned the bread, and laughed and joked, and were the happiest of human beings.

Meantime I got another fire lighted in the Black Chamber, bade the Warden untie Montmorenci's hands, and deputed four of my handsomest Vassals, elegantly cloaked and feathered, and with bread, meat, plates, two bottles of wine, &c. to tend his Lordship at dinner. I confess I felt a pleasure in thus displaying my munificence and hospitality, even before a foe.

And now dinner was almost ready; the beef was broiling, the potatoes

roasting, and my people busied round the fire, when the sentinel from the turret came running down to tell me, that a number of men, with a girl at their head, were approaching the castle.

“ ’Tis Susan !” exclaimed I, and hurried to the gateway. It was indeed, Susan herself, and a train of youths, advancing rapidly. However, as Betterton and the routed remains of his army were still between her and the castle, I trembled lest they should intercept her.

I therefore summoned forth my forces, and stood prepared to support her. Presently she approached the foe, stopped, and conversed some time with them. But just judge of my consternation, when I beheld, both herself and her minions, enrolling themselves among the hostile ranks ; and when I

heard the whole allied army utter a shout of exultation ! I was horror-struck. Her ingratitude, her perfidy were incredible, execrable !

But I had no time for moral reflection. My own glory, and the interests of my people, demanded all my thoughts. What was I to do ? We had taken but nine prisoners, and even these would require a strong guard ; while Susan had brought the foe a reinforcement of forty men ; so that to contend against such superior numbers in the field, were madness.

I therefore called the Warden, and held a Council of War. The result was, to draw all my troops, and all my prisoners, into the eastern turret ; and there stand a regular siege. For, as we still retained a large stock of provisions, we might hold out several

days ; while our enemies, having other occupations of more importance, would probably retire, and leave us in quiet possession.

This plan was put into immediate execution. First, the prisoners, well handcuffed, were conveyed up to the Black Chamber, and then we set about fortifying the castle.

All the loopholes had already been well stopped with stones ; and now the only vulnerable points, were the gateway leading into the castle, and the doorway leading up to the turret.

We therefore set twenty vassals at work, who, in a short time, pulled down enormous fragments from one of the towers, and barricaded the gateway with an impenetrable pile five feet thick. The wall just above the gateway, being much dilapidated, was not

more than ten feet from the ground; so this pile was made high enough and broad enough for four men to stand upon it, and command the pass underneath; while the wall itself would serve them as a breastwork.

The doorway was not stopped at all, because it might be found necessary as a chain of communication with those stationed at the gateway, and as an opening for their retreat; and also, because the winding, abrupt, and narrow stairs, would enable a few men to defend that pass against whole hosts.

When these important preparations were completed, I mounted the tower, for the purpose of observing the motions of the enemy. They still stood at some distance, watching our works; but I was astonished to find their numbers sensibly lessened. However, I

was not long astonished ; as I soon perceived some of their absent party returning, and bearing six long ladders, and two short ; and after them, another party, escorting three large carts of hay.

What the hay meant, I could not imagine ; but I quickly discovered, that the ladders were for the purpose of scaling the castle. This was quite an unforeseen manœuvre ; and, I confess, staggered me. I therefore called the Warden, and asked him what I should do ? Should I harangue my men ? He said, a glass of brandy each, would answer better. So they got the brandy. I then stationed four of them upon the breastwork over the gateway, with orders to retreat into the turret, should the besiegers gain the wall. Next, I placed ten men, under Hig-

ginson, within the doorway, to guard the stairs ; two to watch the prisoners in the Black Chamber ; and the remainder, under Jerry, to man the battlements above.

I, too, took post upon the battlements, and standing there, gloried in my strength ; for now the fortress appeared impregnable.

By this time, the besieging army had formed, and all things announced an immediate attack. I therefore ordered the horn to sound, and I stationed myself, still armed, just underneath the standard.

At length the enemy began his march. The scaling ladders and the carts of hay came first ; Betterton, on horseback, was seen directing their route, and Susan walked in the midst

of the troops, using the most masculine and vehement gesticulations.

They halted within about thirty yards of us. Then one storming party, with the short ladders, filed off opposite the gateway; while another, with the long ladders, and their heads protected by bundles of hay, stood ready to scale the turret. Our troops intrepidly awaited the onset; but I trembled.

And now Betterton gave the word, Away! That moment the carts were driven rapidly just under the turret; and all the hay upset and spread about, in despite of the stony storm, which my men hurled from above. Then the scaling ladders were applied; some held them fast, others mounted. But no sooner had these reached the summit of the ladders, than my troops

flung them down headlong. They fell unharmed upon the hay; instantly those behind them pushed up,—down they went. Another set succeeded, and shared a similar fate; and another, and another, and another.

I was standing, a delighted spectator of the operations on this wing, when I heard the battle raging fiercely at the gateway. I ran towards that side, and saw numbers of the foe just leaping from the wall, down into the castle; and my discomfited outposts making good their retreat into the turret. The foe followed them with horrid huzzas; and I could hear the din of war at the very doorway. The stairs themselves were contested! And now the conflict on the battlements became more desperate. I heard Betterton ordering a general attack, and Susan

bidding the men bring me to her, dead or alive. Almost instantly after, I beheld three of the assailants, struggling, scrambling up the parapet, and at last, jumping down into the tower. I beheld too, the Warden himself, flying before them, and rushing down the stairs. I scream more like a seagull than a Heroine; I call after him, I give all over as lost. And now the heads of other assailants, appear above the parapet; and I am in the act of flying after the Warden, when I meet him rushing up again, with a reinforcement of five men, all holding lighted sticks. They run, they fling the brands from the battlements, they seize the three who had made a lodgement; and the battle rages with greater fury than ever.

And now the noise at the doorway

grew louder, and now I heard Higginson cry from the Black Chamber, "The prisoners are breaking loose!" when twenty voices underneath the turret, shouted together, "The hay is on fire; come down, come down!"

In an instant those on the ladders disappear; and a tremendous blaze rises to the top of the turret. "Draw up the ladders!" cries the Warden, and the ladders are drawn up. "Put them down at this side," cries he again, and they are put down. Then all my troops, he heading them, descended into the area, and attacked the rear of those who were assailing the stairs. Those, quite surrounded and cut off, made but a feeble resistance, and soon surrendered; while their companions outside, deprived of ladders, stood at a cool distance from the conflagration of

hay ; idly gaping ; and uselessly listening to the fate of the party within.

An universal and reverberating shout from my troops below, announced the completion of this important, decisive, and unrivalled victory.

I then descended to congratulate my friends. I found them securing the prisoners, with their own neckcloths and handkerchiefs ; but on seeing me, these brave fellows pealed another exulting acclamation. I thanked them in silent gestures and tears of joy ; and Jerry exclaimed :

“ Well, mistress, wasn’t burning the hay a fine device ? Edad, I thought I’d just tip ’em a Moscow ! Why then, your thundering lie about the six firebrands, was what put it into my head ; so you see the use of lies, after all ! ”

The prisoners taken in this battle,

(which I call the Battle of Monkton), were thirty-five; besides arms, ladders, and bundles of hay. So having ordered my troops to renew their interrupted preparations for dinner, I mounted the battlements again. Thence, I perceived, that Betterton and the wretched remnant of his army, had not yet retreated from the field.

As soon, however, as Betterton espied me leaning over the battlements, he waved a white handkerchief, and advanced alone, under the walls. I summoned the Warden and the Minstrel.

“ Lady Cherubina de Willoughby,” said he. “ I demand of you to surrender at discretion. Refuse, and I pledge myself, that I will drive the Leopard into the sea, and plant my standard upon the towers of Monkton.”

“ Sir, I refuse, and I defy you,” replied I.

“ Well then,” said he, “ since the prosecution of the war is inevitable, I shall stand acquitted of all its consequences, if I now go through the mere formula of proposing a GENERAL PACIFICATION.”

“ Pacifi——oh, by dad!” cried Jerry, “ a word beginning that way will never do. Try another.”

“ Nay, my honest fellow——”

“ Never honest-fellow me,” cried Jerry. “ It won’t take, old boy. Whenever a man calls me an honest fellow, I always suspect he wants to make me a rogue. And a rogue, I dare say, I am ; and will be again, if it pleases heaven ; but may Beelzebub and all his imps and impesses, take and fry me before my

own face, if ever I play the rogue to her Ladyship here, who saved me and my wife and daughter from ruin !”

“ Instead of giving her bad advice, then,” said Betterton, “ you would be much better at home, helping your wife and daughter to boil the potatoes.”

“ Why then, bad manners to you, and that is worse than bad luck !” cried Jerry, “ if you’re for boiling, go boil your own tongue hard, like a calve’s, and then it won’t wag so glib and sly ; —ay, and go boil that nose of your’s white, like veal. But you will neither beat us out, nor starve us out ; for we have sticks and stones, and meat and wine ; and will eat together, and drink together, and ——”

“ And sleep together,” interrupted Betterton ; “ because, as we shall now

turn the siege into a blockade, her Ladyship, out of her infinite patriotism, will think nothing whatever of sleeping in the same room with sixty or seventy men."

The fatal words fell upon me, like a thunderbolt! It was indeed, too true, that some of my troops and prisoners must remain all night, in the Black Chamber, since the Red would not hold half the number. How then, could I bring myself to sleep among so many men? Certain it is, that Ellena Di Rosalba travelled one whole night, and one whole day, in a carriage with two Ruffians, who never left her a single moment alone; and it was not till after Luxima and the missionary had journeyed together during several entire days, that (to quote the very

words), “for the first time since the beginning of their pilgrimage, she was hidden from his view.”

How these heroines managed about sleep, I knew not; but this I knew, that I could not abide the idea of sleeping in the presence of men.

And yet to surrender my sweet, my beloved, my venerable castle, the hereditary seat of my proud progenitors; at the moment of an immortal victory, ere yet the laurel was warmed upon the throbbings of my forehead;---and for what? For the most pitiful and unclassical reason, that ever disgraced a human creature. Why, I should be pointed at, scouted at. “Look, look, there is the heroine, who surrendered her castle, because——” and then a whisper and a titter, and a “’Tis fact

'pon my honour." Oh, my friend, my friend, the thought was madness !

I considered, and reconsidered, but consideration and reconsideration only strengthened me more and more in the conviction, that there was no remedy.

" Jerry," said I, " dear Jerry, we must surrender."

" Surrender !" exclaimed Jerry, " Why then, death alive, for what ?"

" Because," answered I, " my modesty would prevent me from sleeping before so many men."

" Your modesty !" cried he ; " poo, do as I do. Have too much modesty to shew your modesty. Sleep ? By my soul, you shall sleep ;---and snore too, if you have a mind. Sleep ? Sure, can't you pin the curtains round, so that we shan't see you ? Sleep ? Sure,

how did the ladies manage, on board the packet I came over in? Sleep---sleep---sleep?

— — — — —
“ O murder! I believe we must surrender, sure enough. O murder, murder, 'tis all over with us! For now that I think of it,---you know we shan't have room to lie down, you know.”

“ This is a sad affair,” said I. “ Can you devise no remedy, Higginson?”

“ None,” said he, blushing through his very eyeballs.

“ We must surrender,” said Jerry, shaking his head.

“ We must,” said Higginson, shaking his.

“ We must,” said I, shaking mine.

“ Well,” cried Betterton, “ is the council over?”

“ Yes, Sir,” said I, “ and I consent to conclude a peace.”

“ I thought so,” said he. “ Now then, for the terms.”

After much altercation, these articles, (which Betterton wrote with his pencil,) were agreed upon, and ratified:

Art. 1.

All the prisoners in the castle, shall forthwith be released.

Art. 2.

The troops of the contending powers shall consign their arms into the hands of their respective leaders.

Art. 3.

On a given signal, the commandant of the besieged army, shall evacuate the castle, at the head of his men, and

take a northerly direction ; while the commandant of the besieging army shall lead his forces in a southerly direction.

Art. 4.

The Lady Cherubina De Willoughby shall depart from the castle, as soon as both armies are out of sight ; and shall not hold communication, direct or indirect, with the Warden, for twenty-four hours.

Art. 5.

The Minstrel, Higginson, shall remain with the Lady Cherubina, as her escort.

(Signed)

BETTERTON.

The several articles were immediately executed in due form. First, the prisoners left the castle ; but Montmo-

renci had made himself so drunk with the wine, that he went actually staggering away ; and thus completed my disgust. Next, the soldiers on both sides, laid down their arms: and lastly, the two armies filed off, at opposite directions, and quitted the field.

Before Jerry departed, however, I promised to call upon him in London, after the expiration of the twenty-four hours.

When Jerry had marched almost out of sight, he halted his men, faced them towards the castle, and made them give three last and parting cheers. I waved my handkerchief, and cried like a child.

I then took a tender leave of my dear, dear castle ; and with a heavy heart, and tardy step, departed from it ; till better days should enable me to visit it

again. I proceeded towards the cottage of the poor woman; whence I now write; and I have just dispatched Higginson, for a chaise, as I shall return to London immediately.

My heart is almost broken.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

MS.

O YE, WHOEVER YE ARE, WHOM CHANCE OR MISFORTUNE MAY HEREAFTER CONDUCT TO THIS SPOT, TO YOU I SPEAK, TO YOU REVEAL THE STORY OF MY WRONGS, AND ASK YOU TO REVENGE THEM. VAIN HOPE! YET IT IMPARTS SOME COMFORT TO BELIEVE, THAT WHAT I NOW WRITE, MAY ONE DAY MEET THE EYE OF A

FELLOW-CREATURE; THAT THE WORDS WHICH TELL MY SUFFERINGS, MAY ONE DAY DRAW PITY FROM THE FEELING HEART.

KNOW THEN, THAT ON THE NIGHT OF THE FATAL DAY, WHICH SAW ME DRIVEN FROM MY CASTLE, FOUR MEN, IN BLACK VISORS, ENTERED THE COTTAGE, WHERE I HAD TAKEN SHELTER, AND FORCED ME AND MY MINSTREL INTO A CARRIAGE. WE TRAVELLED MILES IN SILENCE. AT LENGTH THEY STOPPED, CAST A CLOAK OVER MY FACE, AND CARRIED ME ALONG WINDING PASSAGES, AND UP AND DOWN FLIGHTS OF STEPS. THEY THEN TOOK OFF THE CLOAK, AND I FOUND MYSELF IN AN ANTIQUE AND GOTHIC APARTMENT. MY CONDUCTORS LAID DOWN A LAMP, AND DISAPPEARED. I HEARD THE DOOR BARRED UPON

ME. O SOUND OF DESPAIR! O MOMENT OF UNUTTERABLE ANGUISH! SHUT OUT FROM DAY, FROM FRIENDS, FROM LIFE---IN THE PRIME OF MY YEARS, IN THE HEIGHT OF MY TRANSGRESSIONS, --- I SINK UNDER THE——

* * * * *

ALMOST AN HOUR HAS NOW PASSED IN SOLITUDE AND SILENCE. WHY AM I BROUGHT HITHER? WHY CONFINED THUS RIGOROUSLY? O DIRE EXTREMITY! O STATE OF LIVING DEATH! IS THIS A VISION? ARE THESE THINGS REAL? ALAS, I AM BEWILDERED.

* * * * *

Such, Biddy, was the manuscript that I scribbled last night, after the mysterious event which it relates. You shall now hear what has occurred since.

According to common usage, I first took the lamp, and began examining the chamber. On one wall, hung Historical arras, worked in colourless and rotten worsted, and depicting scenes from the Provençal Romances;---the deeds of Charlemagne and his twelve peers; the Crusaders, Troubadours, and Saracens; and the Necromantic feats of the Magician Jurl. The remaining walls were wainscotted with black larchwood: and over the painted and escutcheoned windows, hung iron visors, tattered pennons, and broken shields. An antique bed of decayed damask, stood in a corner; and a few

moth-eaten chairs, tissued and fringed with threads of tarnished gold, were round the room. At the farther end, a picture of a warrior on horseback, darting his spear into a prostrate soldier, was enclosed in a frame of uncommon magnitude, that reached down to the ground. An old harp, which occupied one corner, proved imprisonment; and some clots of blood upon the floor proved murder.

I gazed with delight at this admirable apartment. It was a perfect treasure: nothing could exceed it: all was in the best style of horror; and now, for the first time, I felt the full and unqualified consciousness of being as real a heroine as ever existed.

I then indulged myself with imagining the frightful scenes which I should undergo here. Such attempts to mur-

der me, such ghosts, such mysteries ! figures flitting in the dusty perspective, quick steps along the corridor ; groans, and an assassin, with a visage of the most ruffianly sculpture.

But amidst this pleasing reverie, methought I heard a step approaching. It stopped at the door, the bolts were undrawn ; and an antiquated waiting-woman, in fardingale, ruffles, flounces, and flowered silk, bustled into the room.

“ My lady,” said she, “ my lord will do himself the honour of waiting on you immediately.”

“ And pray, good woman,” said I, “ who is your lord ?”

“ Good woman !” cried she bridling : “ no more good woman than yourself : — Dame Ursulina, if you please.”

“ Well then, Dame Ursulina, who is your lord ?”

“The Baron Hildebrand,” answered she.

“What!” exclaimed I, “who has a daughter called Sympathina?”

“The same.”

“Which daughter loves Lord Montmorenci?”

“The same.”

“Oh, Heavens! but what have I to do with all this?”

The Dame laid her finger across her lips, and nodded volumes of mystery.

“At least,” said I, “tell me how comes all that recent blood upon the floor?”

“Recent!” cried she. “Lauk! ’tis there these fifty years. Sure your ladyship has often read of blood upon floors, and daggers, that looked as fresh as a daisy, at the end of centuries. But, alas-o-day! modern blood won’t keep

like the good old blood. See that harp yonder: I warrant 'tis in tune, at this moment; albeit no human finger has touched it these ten years: and your Ladyship must remember reading of other cobwebbed harps, which required no tuning-hammer, after lying whole ages untweedled. But, indeed, they do say, that the ghost keeps this harp in order, by playing on it o' nights."

"The ghost!" exclaimed I.

"Ay, by my fackins," said she; "sure this is the Haunted Chamber of the Northern Tower; and such sights and noises—Santa Catharina of Sienna, and St. Bridget, and San Pietro, and Santa Benedicta, and St. Radagunda, defend me!"

Then, aspirating an ejaculation, she hastily hobbled out of the room; and locked the door.

However, the visit from Baron Hildebrand, occupied my mind more than the ghost. At last, I heard a heavy tread along the corridor: the door was unbarred, and a huge, but majestic figure, strode into the chamber. The black plume, towering on his cap; the armorial coat, Persian sash, and Spanish cloak, all set off with the most muscular frown imaginable, made him look truly tremendous.

As he hurled himself into a chair, he cast a Schedoniac scowl at me; while I felt, that one glance from the corner of a villain's eye, is worth twenty straight-forward looks from an honest man. My heart throbbed audible, my bosom heaved like billows: I threw into my features a Conventual smile; and stood before him in all the meek

pomp of despair—something between Niobe, Patience, and a broken lily.

“ Lady!” cried he, with a voice which vibrated through my brain; “ I am the Baron Hildebrand, that celebrated ruffian. My plans are terrible and unsearchable. Hear me.

“ My daughter, the Lady Sympathina, has long been enamoured of the Lord Montmorenci. But never, never shall a daughter of mine marry the man she loves. In vain I tried entreaties and imprecations: nothing would induce her to relinquish him; even though he himself confessed, that you alone reigned tormentress of his heart.

At length, my spies informed me of your having seized upon Monkton Castle; and of its being besieged by

Montmorenci himself. The opportunity was auspicious. I therefore planted armed men about the castle, with orders to make you and him prisoners. These orders are executed, and his Lordship is a captive in the Western Tower.

“Now, Madam, you must already have penetrated my motive for this step. It is to secure your immediate marriage with Montmorenci; and thus to terminate my daughter’s hopes and my own inquietude. In two days, therefore, you give him your hand, or suffer imprisonment for life.”

“My lord,” said I, “I am a poor, weak, timid girl; but yet not unmindful of my noble lineage. I cannot consent to disgrace it. My lord, I will not wed Montmorenci.”

“You will not?” cried he, in a voice of the hoarsest fury.

“I will not,” said I, in a tone of the sweetest obstinacy.

He started from his seat, and began to pace the chamber with Colossal strides. Conceive the scene ;—the tall figure of Hildebrand passing along ; his folded arms ; the hideous desolation of the room, and my shrinking figure. It was fine, very fine. It resembled a Pandemonium, where a fiend was tormenting an angel of light. Yet insult and oppression had but added to my charms ; as the rose throws forth fresh fragrance by being mutilated.

On a sudden the Baron stopped short before me.

“Why do you refuse to marry him ?” said he.

“ Because, my lord,” answered I, “ I do not feel for him the passion of love.”

“ Love !” cried he, grimly sneering. “ There is no such passion as love. But mark me, Madam : soon shall you learn, that there is such a passion as Revenge !” And with these ominous words, he rushed out of the chamber.

Nothing in nature could be better than my conduct on this occasion. I was delighted with it, and with the castle, and with every thing. I therefore knelt, and chaunted a vesper hymn, so soft and so solemn ; while my eyes, like a Magdalen’s, were cast to the planets.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

“GRACIOUSNESSOSITY!” cried Dame Ursulina, as she brought breakfast this morning, “here is the whole castle in such a fluster; hammering and clamouring, and paddling at all manner of possets, to make much of the fine company, that are coming down to the Baron.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed I, “when will my troubles cease? Doubtless this fine company are a most dissolute set. An amorous Verezzi, an insinuating Cavigni, an abandoned Orsino; besides some lovely Voluptuary, some fascinating Desperado, who plays the harp, and poisons by the hour.”

“La, not at all,” said the dame.

“ We shall have none but old Sir Charles Grandison, and his lady, Miss Harriet Byron, that was ;—old Mr. Mortimer Delville, and his lady, Miss Cecilia, that was ;—and old Lord Mortimer, and his lady, Miss Amanda, that was.”

“ Santa Maria !” cried I. “ Why these are all heroes and heroines !”

“ ‘Pon my conversation, and as I am a true maiden, so they are,” said she. “ And we shall have such tickling and pinching ; and circumdandying, and cherrybrandying, and the genteel poison of bad wine ; and the Warder blowing his horn, and the Baron in his scowred armour, and I in a coif plaited high with ribbons all about it, and in the most rustling silk I have. And Philip, the butler, meets me in the dark : ‘ Oddsboddikins,’ says he, ‘ mayhap I

should know the voice of that silk ?' 'Oddspittikins,' says I, ' peradventure thou should'st ;' and then he catches me round the neck, and ——"

" There, there !" cried I, " you distract me."

" Marry come up !" muttered she. " Some people think some people— Marry come up, quotha !" And this frumpish old woman sailed out of the chamber in a great fume.

I sat down to breakfast, astonished at what I had just heard. Harriet Byron, Cecilia, Amanda, and their respective consorts, all alive and well ! Oh, could I get but one glimpse of them, speak ten words with them, I should die content. I was interrupted by the return of Dame Ursulina.

" The Baron," said she, " has just left the castle, to consult physicians

about his periodical madness, and government about a peace with France. So my young mistress, the Lady Sympathina, has sent me to tell you, that she will visit you, during his absence."

I felt infinite delight, and I prepared for an interview of congenial souls; nor was I long kept in suspense. Hardly had the Dame disappeared, when the door opened again, and a tall, thin, lovely girl, flew into the room. Her yellow ringlets hung round her pale face, like a mist round the moon. She ran forward, took both my hands, and stood gazing on my features.

"Ah," said she, "what wonder Montmorenci should be captivated by these charms! No, I will not, cannot take him from you. He is your's, my

friend. Marry him, and leave me to the solitude of a cloister.”

“Never!” cried I. “Ah, madam, ah, Sympathina, your magnanimity amazes, transports me. Yes, my friend; your’s he shall, he must be; for you love him, and I hate him.”

“Hate him!” cried she; “and wherefore? Ah, what a form is his, and ah, what a face! Locks, brown as cinnamon; eyes half dew, half lightning; lips like a casket of jewels, loveliest when open ——.”

“And teeth like the Sybil’s books,” said I; “for two of them are wanting.”

“Ah, cried she, “why should his want of teeth prevent you from marrying him? Do all his charms lie in his teeth, as all Sampson’s strength centered in his hair?”

“Upon my honor,” said I, “I would not marry him, if he had five hundred teeth. But you, my friend, you shall marry him, in spite of his teeth.”

“Then,” cried she; “my father will torture you to death?”

“And so will you,” said I, “if you do not marry Montmorenci.”

“And if I do,” said she, “I will torture him.”

“Then happen what may,” said I, “some of us must be tortured.”

“My torture were sweet,” said she, “for it would be in the cause of justice.”

“Mine were sweeter,” said I; “for it would be in the cause of generosity.”

“Is it generosity,” said she, “to spurn the man who loves you?”

“Is it justice,” said I, “to make me marry the man whom I do not love?”

“Ah, my friend,” said she, “you may vanquish me in repartee, but never shall you conquer me in magnanimity.”

“Then, let us swear an eternal friendship,” said I.

“I swear!” cried she.

“I swear!” cried I.

We rushed into each other’s arms!

“And now,” said she, when the first transports had subsided, “how do you like being a Heroine?”

“Above all things in the world,” said I.

“And how do you prosper at the profession?” asked she.

“It is not for me to say,” answered I. “Only this, that ardor and assiduity are not wanting on my part.”

“Of course, then,” said she, “you shine in the requisite qualities. Do you blush well?”

“As well as can be expected,” said I.

“Because,” said she, “blushing is my *chef d'œuvre*. I blush one tint and three-fourths, with joy; two (including forehead and bosom), with modesty; and four, with love, to the points of my fingers. My father once blushed me against the Dawn, for a tattered banner to a rusty poniard.”

“And who won?” said I.

“It was play or pay,” replied she; “so the morning happening to be misty, we had no sport; but I fainted, which was just as good, if not better. Are you much addicted to fainting?”

“A little,” said I.

“ ’Pon honor ?”

“ Well, ma’am, to be honest with you, I am afraid I have never fainted yet; but at a proper opportunity, I flatter myself——”

“ Nay, love,” said she, “ do not be distressed about the matter. If you weep well, ’tis a good substitute. Do you weep well ?”

“ Extremely well, indeed,” said I.

“ Come then,” cried she, “ we will weep on each other’s necks.” And she flung her arms about me. We remained some moments, in motionless endearment.

“ Are you weeping ?” said she, at length.

“ No, ma’am,” answered I.

“ Ah, why don’t you ?” said she.

“ I can’t, ma’am,” said I; “ I can’t.”

“ Ah, do,” said she.

“ Upon my word, I can’t,” said I: “ sure I am trying all I can. But, bless me, how desperately you are crying. Your tears are running down my bosom, boiling hot. Excuse me, ma’am, but you will give me my death of cold.”

“ Ah, my fondling,” said she, “ tears are my sole consolation. Ofttimes I sit and weep, I know not why; and then I weep to find myself weeping. Then, when I can weep, I weep at having nothing to weep at; and then, when I have something to weep at, I weep that I cannot weep at it. This very morning, I bumpered a tulip with my tears, while reading a dainty ditty, which I must now repeat to you.

“ The moon had just risen, as a lover stole from his mistress. A sylph

pursued her parting sigh, through the deserts of air; and bathed in its warmth, and enhaled its odours. As he flew over the ocean, he saw a sea-nymph sitting on the shore; and singing the fate of a shipwreck, that appeared at a distance, with broken masts, and floating rudder. Her instrument was her own long and blue tresses, which she had strung across rocks of coral. The sparkling spray struck them, and made sweet music. He saw, he loved, he hovered over her. But invisible, how could he attract her eyes? Incorporeal, how could he touch her? Even his voice could not be heard by her, amidst the dashing of the waves, and the melody of her ringlets. The sylphs, pitying his miserable state, exiled him to an arboret of blossoms.— There he droops his unused pinions,

dips his ethereal pen in dewy moonshine, and writes his love on the bell of a lily.”

This charming tale led us to talk of moonshine. We moralized upon the uncertainty of it, and of life; discussed sighs, and agreed that they were charming things; enumerated the various kinds of tresses—flaxen, golden, chestnut, amber, sunny, jetty, carrotty; and I suggested two new epithets—sorrel hair, and narcissine hair. Such a flow of soul as came from our rosy lips!

At last she rose to depart.

“Now, my love,” said she, “I am in momentary expectation of Sir Charles Grandison, Mortimer Delville, and Lord Mortimer, with their amiable wives. Will you permit them, during the absence of the Baron, to visit you,

this evening, and give you some good advice respecting your present predicament ?”

I grasped at the proposal eagerly ; and she flitted out of the chamber with a promissory smile.

What an angel is this Sympathina ! Her face has the contour of a Madona, and the sensibility of a Magdalen. Her voice languishes like the last accents of a dying maid. Her sigh is melodious, her oh is sublime, and her ah is beautiful.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

AND now the promised hour was approaching, when I should see the recorded personages of Romance. I

therefore heroinized and Heloised myself as much as possible ; and elegantly leaning on the harp, awaited their arrival.

Meantime, I figured them, adorned with all the venerable loveliness of a virtuous old age, even in greyness engaging, even in wrinkles interesting. Hand in hand they walk down the gentle slope of life, and often pause to look back upon the scenes which they have quitted ; the happy vale of their childhood, the turretted castle, the cloistered monastery. I anticipated how this interview with them would improve me in my profession. No longer drawing from books alone, I might now copy from the very originals. The hand of a master would guide mine, and I should quaff primeval waters from the source itself.

As I thus sat rapt, I heard steps in the passage : the bolts were undrawn ; and Sympathina, at the head of the company, entered, and announced their names.

“ Bless me ! ” said I, involuntarily ; for such a set of objects never were seen.

Sir Charles Grandison came forward the first. He was an emaciated old oddity, and wore flannels and a flowing wig.

Lady Grandison leaned on his arm, bursting with fat and laughter ; and so unlike what I had conceived of Harriet Byron, that I turned from her quite disgusted.

Mortimer Delville came next ; and my disappointment at finding him a plain, sturdy, hard-featured fellow, was soon absorbed in my still greater regret

at seeing his Cecilia,—once the blue-eyed, sun-tressed Cecilia,—now flaunting in all the reverend graces of a painted grandmother.

After them, advanced Lord Mortimer and his Amanda ; but he had fallen into flesh ; and she, with a face like scorched parchment, appeared both broken-hearted and broken-winded ; such a perpetual sighing and wheezing did she keep.

I was too much shocked and astonished to speak ; but Sir Charles, bowing over my hand—his old custom you know—thus broke silence.

“ Your Ladyship may recollect, that I have always been celebrated for giving advice. Let me then advise you to relieve yourself from your present embarrassment, by marrying Lord Montmorenci. It seems you do not

love him. For that very reason marry him. Trust me, love before marriage is the surest preventative of love after it. Heroes and heroines exemplify the proposition. Why do their biographers always conclude the book just at their wedding? Simply because all beyond it, is unhappiness and hatred."

"Surely, Sir Charles," said I, "you mistake. Their biographers (who have such admirable information, as even to tell the thoughts of people, when not a soul is near them), always end the book, with comparing the conubial lives of their heroes and heroines, skies unclouded, streams unruffled, summer the year through; or some other gentle simile!"

"All irony," replied Sir Charles. For I know most of these heroes and

heroines myself; and I know, that nothing can equal their misery.”

“Do you know Lord Orville and his Evelina?” said I; “and are they not happy?”

“Have you really never heard of their notorious miffs?” cried he. “Why, but yesterday, she flogged him with a boiled leg of mutton, because he had sent home no turnips.”

“Astonishment!” exclaimed I. “And she, when a girl, so meek.”

“Ay,” said he. “One has never seen a white foal, or a cross girl; but often white horses, and cross wives.”

“Pray,” said I, addressing Amanda, “are not your brother Oscar and his Adela happy?”

“Alas, no,” cried she. “Oscar became infatuated with the charms of Evelina’s old governess, Madam Du-

val; so poor Adela left him; and she, who was once the soul of mirth, has now grown a confirmed methodist; curls a sacred sneer at gaiety, loves canting and decanting, piety and *eau de vie*. In short, the devil is very busy about her; though she sometimes drives him away with a thump of the Bible."

"Well, Rosa, the gentle beggar-girl, —what of her?" said I.

"Eloped with one Corporal Trim," answered Sir Charles.

"How shocking!" cried I. "But Pamela, the virtuous Pamela?"—

"Made somewhat a better choice," said Sir Charles; "for she ran off with Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, when he returned to the happy valley."

"Dreadful account indeed!" said I.

"So dreadful," said Sir Charles,

bowing over my hand, "that I trust they will determine you to marry Montmorenci. 'Tis true, he has lost two teeth, and you do not love him. But was not Walstein a cripple? And did not Caroline of Lichfield fall in love with him after their marriage, though she had hated him before it?"

"I am inexorable," said I.

"Recollect," cried Cecilia, "what perils environ you here. The Baron is the first murderer of the age."

"I cannot help that," said I.

"Look at yonder blood," cried Mortimer Delville.

"It cannot appal me," said I.

"Think of the spectre that haunts this apartment," cried Lady Grandison.

"No matter if I even see it," said I.

"And above all," cried Sympathina,

“bear in mind, that you may wake some morning, with a face like a pumpkin.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed I, “what do you mean? My face like a pumpkin?”

“Yes,” said she. “The dampness of this chamber once swelled up the face of the fair, but unfortunate Novellette, till the skin burst asunder, and was obliged to be stitched.”

“Oh! ladies and gentlemen,” exclaimed I, dropping upon my knees, “you see what shocking horrors surround me here. Oh! let me beseech of you to pity and to rescue me!”

“Fly!” cried Dame Ursulina, running in breathless. “The Baron has just returned, and is searching for you, through chapel, armoury, gallery; and west tower, and east tower, and south

tower; and cedar chamber, and oaken chamber, and black chamber; and grey, brown, yellow, green, pale-pink, sky-blue; and every shade, tinge, and tint of chamber in the whole castle! Benedicite, Santa Maria! Come, come, come."

The guests vanished, the door was barred, and I remained alone.

I sat ruminating in sad earnest, on the necessity, now so evident, of my consenting to this hateful match; when (and I protest I had not thought it nine o'clock), a terrible bell, which I never heard before, tolled, with an appalling reverberation, that rang through my frame, the frightful hour of ONE!

At the same moment, I heard a noise; and looking towards the opposite end of the chamber, beheld the great picture on a sudden disappear;

and, standing in its stead, a tall figure, cased with steel, and whose spectral visage was a perfect counterpart of the Baron's. Its left thumb rested upon its hip, and its right hand was held to the heavens.

I sat gasping. It uttered these sepulchral intonations.

“ I am the spirit of the murdered Count Romancer. Montmorenci deserves thee. To-morrow morning consent to wed him, or to-morrow night I come again.”

The superhuman appearance spoke ; and (oh, soothing sound !) uttered a human sneeze !

“ Damnation ! ” it muttered. “ All is blown ! ” And immediately the picture flew back to its place.

Well, I had never heard of a ghost's sneezing before ; so you may judge, I

soon got rid of my terror ; and felt pretty certain, that this was no bloodless and marrowless apparition ; but the Baron himself, who had adopted the ghosting system, so common in romances, for the purpose of frightening me into his schemes.

However, I had now discovered a concealed door ; and with it, a chance of escape. This chance I determined to try ; because, though the castle, the Baron, the Dame, and the several terrors, are all classical, and fit for immortality ; yet conceive how Ridicule would handle me in the *Annals of Laughter* (to say nothing of the personal disfigurement), should I wake some morning with a face like a pumpkin ! I have therefore formed a plan for escaping through the concealed door, whenever the ghost shall appear again.

While I was pondered upon this plan, in came Dame Ursulina, taking snuff, and sneezing at a furious rate.

“By the mass,” said she, “it rejoiceth the reverend cockles of my heart to see your Ladyship safe; for, as I passed your door just now, methought I heard the ghost.”

“You might well have heard it,” said I, pretending infinite faintness, “for I have seen it; and it entered through yonder picture.”

“Benedicite!” cried she: “but was it a true spectre?”

“A real, downright apparition,” said I, “uncontaminated with the smallest mixture of mortality.”

“And didn’t your Ladyship hear me sneeze at the door?” said she.

“I was too much alarmed to hear any thing,” answered I. “But pray

lend me that box ; as a pinch or two of snuff may revive me.” I had particular reasons for this request.

“ A heroine take snuff ! ” cried she, laying the box upon the table. “ Lack-a-daisy, how the times have degenerated ! But now, my lady, don’t be trying to move or cut that great picture ; for though the ghost gets into the chamber through it, no mortal can get out through it. Never yet was a heroine could give old Ursulina the slip ; and I will tell you a story to prove my profound knowledge of bolts and bars. When I was a girl, a young man lodged in the house ; and one night he stole the stick that used to fasten the hasp and staple of my door. Well, my mother bade me put a carrot (as there was nothing else) in its place. So I put in a carrot—for I was a

dutiful daughter ; but I put in a boiled carrot—for I was a love-sick maiden. Eh, don't I understand the doctrine of bolts and bars ?”

“ You understand a great deal too much,” said I, as the withered wanton went chuckling out of the chamber.

LETTER XXXVII.

ABOUT noon, the Baron Hildebrand paid me a visit ; to hear, as he said, my final determination respecting my marriage with Montmorenci. I had prepared my lesson, and I told him, that though my mind was not entirely reconciled to such an event, it was much swayed by an extraordinary circumstance, which had occurred the night before. He desired me to relate it ;

and I, with apparent agitation, recounted the particulars of the apparition. I likewise declared, that should it come again, I would endeavour to preserve my presence of mind, and ask it whether my marriage with his Lordship would prove fortunate or otherwise; and that, should its answer be favourable, I would not hesitate another moment, to give him my hand.

The Baron, suppressing a smile, protested himself highly delighted with my determination of accosting the spectre. He remarked, that ghosts, so far from doing us harm, always warn us against harm; that if we were civil to them, they would be civil to us; but that no wonder they should speak so harshly as they usually do, we shew such evident aversion and horror at their appearance. He con-

cluded by declaring, that this spectre was the best-hearted creature of the kind ever known; and by earnestly advising me to address it. He then took leave; and I spent the remainder of the day in reflecting upon the desperate enterprise which I had planned; and in recalling all the exemplary escapes of other heroines.

At last, the momentous hour drew nigh. The lamp and box of snuff lay on the table. I sat anxious, and kept a watchful eye upon the picture.

The bell tolled one: again the picture vanished, and again the spectre stood before me. I sent forth a shriek, and hid my face in my hands.

“ *I come for the last time,*” it said.
“ *Wilt thou wed Montmorenci? Speak, lady, and fear not.*”

“ Oh,” cried I, “ if you would

only promise not to do me a mischief!"

"A spirit cannot harm a mortal," said the spectre.

"Well then," faltered I—"Perhaps—pardon me—perhaps, you would first have the goodness to walk in."

The spectre advanced a few paces, and paused.

"This is so kind, so condescending," said I, "that really—do take a chair."

The spectre shook its head mournfully.

"Pray do," said I, "you will oblige me."

The spectre seated itself in a chair; but atoned for the mortal act, by an immortal majesty of manner.

"As you are of another world," said I, "you know 'tis but fair to do

the honours of this. What sort of night is it abroad?"

"Quite charming and tempestuous," it answered. "Just the weather we ghosts like."

"Yes," said I, "you, ghosts, have odd tastes! Nothing will satisfy you, but a storm, and one o'clock at night."

"Indeed we keep such late hours," said the spectre, "that 'tis no wonder we look pale and thin."

"Why really," said I, "I do not recollect ever having read of a fat or a fresh-coloured ghost."

"Nor of a ghost wanting a limb or an eye," said the spectre.

"Nor of an ugly ghost," said I, bowing.

The spectre took the compliment, and bowed in return.

"And therefore," said the spectre,

“as spirits are always accurate likenesses of the bodies, which they once inhabited, none but thin, pale, handsome and unmaimed persons can ever become ghosts.”

“And by the same rule,” said I, “none but blue-eyed and golden-haired persons can go to heaven; for our painters always represent angels so. I have never heard of a hazel-eyed angel, or a black-haired cherub.”

“I know,” said the spectre, “if angels are, as painters depict them, always sitting naked upon cold clouds, I would rather live the life of a ghost, to the end of the chapter.”

“And pray,” cried I, “where, and how do ghosts live?”

“Within this very globe,” said the spectre. “For this globe is not, as most mortals imagine, a solid body; but a round crust, about ten miles

thick ; and the concave inside, is furnished just like the convex outside, with wood, water, vale and mountain. In the centre, stands a nice little golden Sun, about the size of a pippin, and lights our internal world ; where, whatever enjoyments we had loved as men, we retain as ghosts. We banquet on visionary turtle, or play at aërial marbles, or drive a phantasmagoric four in hand. The young renew their amours, and the more aged sit yawning for the day of judgment.—But I scent the rosy air of dawn. Speak, lady ; wilt thou wed Montmorenci ?”

“ If I do,” said I, “ shall I be happy with him ?”

“ Blissful as Eden,” replied the spectre.

“ Then I will wed him,” said I.
“ But you are in a great hurry. I am

sure, I am so obliged by this visit. I beg you will call again. I wish I had something to offer you. Perhaps you would do me the favour to take a pinch of snuff?" And as I spoke, I advanced by degrees.

"Avaunt!" it cried, motioning me from it with its hand.

But quick as thought, I flung the whole contents of the box full into its eyes!

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed the astonished apparition.

I snatched the lamp, sprang through the frame of the picture, shut the concealed door, bolted it; while all the time, I heard the phantom within, dancing in agony, at its eyes; and sending mine to as many devils, as could well be called together on so short a notice.

Thus far my venturous enterprise had prospered. I now found myself in a narrow passage, with another door at the farther end of it; and I prepared to traverse winding stairs, subterranean passages, and suites of tapestried apartments. I therefore advanced, and opened the door; but instantly started back; for I had beheld a lighted hall, of modern architecture, with gilded balustrades, ceiling painted in Fresco; Etruscan lamps, and stucco-work! Yes, it was a Villa, or a Casino, or a Pallazo; or any thing you please, but a Castello. Amazement! Horror! What should I do? whither turn? delay would be fatal. Again I peeped. The hall was empty; so, putting down my lamp, I stole across, towards an open door, and looked through the chink. I had just time to perceive a

Persian saloon, and in the centre, a table laid for supper; when I heard several steps entering the hall. It was too late to retreat, so I sprang into the room; and recollecting, that a curtain had befriended me once before, I ran behind one, which I saw there.

Instantly afterwards, the persons entered. They were spruce footmen, bringing in supper. Not a scowl, not a mustachio amongst them.

As soon as the covers were laid, a crowd of company came laughing into the room; but, friend of my bosom, fancy, just fancy my revulsion of soul, my dismay, my disgust, my bitter indignation—oh! how shall I describe half what I felt, when I recognised these wretches, as the identical gang, who had visited me the day before, in the character of heroes and heroines!

I knew them instantly, though they looked twice as young; and merrily amongst them, came Betterton and Montmorenci! My heart died at the sight. I foresaw horrid things.

After they had seated themselves, Betterton, (who headed the table, and therefore, was host), desired one of the servants to bring in 'the crazed Poet.' And now two footmen appeared, carrying a large meal-bag, filled with Higginson; which they placed by the table, on a vacant seat. The bag was fastened at the top, but a slit was cut in its side.

The wretches then began to banter him, and bade him put forth his head; but he would neither move nor speak. At last, I heard them mention my name.

"I wonder if he can be ghosting her, all this time?" said Betterton.

“ I ought to have played the ghost, I am so much taller than he,” said the fellow, who had personated Grandison.

“ Not unless you could act it better than you did Sir Charles,” said the fictitious Sympathina. “ But did I not perform my part well, when I poured a vial of hot water down her neck, as tears ; and frightened her out of her senses, by threatening her with a face like a pumpkin !”

A laugh. I thought I had never seen so ugly, so disgusting a girl.

“ Blast me,” cried Montmorenci, “ but I touched off the best piece of acting you ever saw, when I first met her at the theatre, and persuaded her, that Abraham Grundy was Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci !”

Another laugh. I actually groaned with anguish.

“ Except,” said Betterton, “ when I enacted old Whylome Eftsoones, at the masquerade ; and made her believe that Miss Cherry Wilkinson was Lady Cherubina de Willoughby !”

I now turned quite sick ; but I had no time for thought, the thunderclaps came so thick upon me.

“ She had cherished some mad crotchet of the kind before,” said Grundy (I have done with calling him Montmorenci) ; for she fancied that an old tattered copy of a lease of lives, belonging to her poor Father, was an irrefragable proof of her being Lady de Willoughby !”

“ Upon which wild notion,” said Betterton, “ she claps this poor father into a madhouse ; where he should have clapt her long ago.”

“ He should, by Goles !” cried

Grundy. "Those romances have turned her brain inside out. I protest, her imitation of the language and manners, which Authors give Heroines, would make a tiger titter. But the maddest prank of all, was her seizing on the Castle, furnishing it so shabby genteel, and wanting to pass a bladebone of mutton upon me, as the bone of an assassinated ancestor."

By this time, I was at the highest pitch of indignation.

"Nay, Grundy," cried Betterton, "was it not a madder whim, when she discarded you the moment you had lost two teeth? Ah, my hero, that shews she could never have loved you so much as you boast."

"Not love me!" exclaimed Grundy. "Why the poor creature could not even bridle her passion in my presence.

Such hugging and kissing as she went on with;—such slobbering and pawing;—such patting my cheek, and pulling my whiskers; that, as I hope for woman, I sometimes thought she would bite off my very face!”

“ ’Tis false!” cried I, bursting into tears, and running from behind the curtain. “On my sacred credit, ladies and gentlemen, ’tis every word of it, a vile, malicious, execrable falsehood! Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?” and I wrung my hands with agony.

The guests had risen from their seats, in amaze; and I now made a spring towards the door, but was intercepted by Betterton, who held me fast.

“In the name of wonder,” cried he, “how came you here?”

“No matter,” cried I, struggling.

“ I know all ! I know all ! You base, you cruel people, to use me so ! ”

“ Keep yourself cool, my little lady,” said he.

“ I won’t, I can’t ! ” cried I. “ To use me so. You vile set ; you horrid, horrid, horrid set ! ”

“ Go for another sack,” said Betterton to the servant. “ Now, Madam, you shall keep company with the bagged Poet.”

“ Mercy, mercy ! ” cried I. “ What, will no one help me ? ”

“ I will if I can ! ” exclaimed Higginson, thrusting his head out of the bag, like a snail ; and down he slid from his seat, and began rolling, and tumbling, and struggling on the floor, till he got upon his feet ; and then he came jumping towards me, now falling, now rising, while his face and bald

forehead were all over meal, his eyes blaring, and his mouth wide open. The company, wherever he moved, kept in a circle round him, and clapped their hands, and shouted.

While Betterton still stood, holding me fast, he was suddenly flung from me, and my hand seized. I turned, and beheld—Stuart. “Oh! bless you, bless you!” cried I, catching his arm, “for you have come to save me from destruction!”

He pressed my hand, and pointing towards Betterton and Grundy, who stood thunderstruck, cried, “There are your men!”

A large posse of constables immediately rushed forward, and secured them.

“Heyday! what is all this for?” cried Betterton.

“For your rescuing that lady from

an arrest," answered a man; and I recognized in the speaker, one of the constables who had arrested me about the barouche.

"This is government all over," cried Betterton. "This is the minister. This is the law!"

"And let me tell you, Sir," said Stuart, "that nothing but my respect for the law, deters me, at this moment, from chastising you as you deserve."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" cried Betterton.

"That you are a ruffian," said Stuart; "and the same cowardice which made you offer insult to a woman, will make you bear it from a man. Now, Sir, I leave you to your fate." And we were quitting the room.

"What is that?" said Stuart, stopping short before the poet; who, with

one arm, and his face out of the bag, lay upon his back, gasping and unable to stir.

“Cut it, cut it!” cried the sufferer, in choaking accents.

“Higginson, I protest!” exclaimed Stuart, as he snatched a knife, and laid open the bag. Up rose the poet, resurrectionary from his hempen coffin, and was clenching his fist; but Stuart caught his arm, and hurried him and me out of the house.

We then got into Stuart’s own chariot, and drove off.

This excellent fellow now began asking me, anxiously, the particulars of all that had occurred at Betterton’s: and his rage, as I related them, was extreme.

Presently, he proceeded to tell me how he discovered my being there.

After his departure from Lady Gwyn's, he spent some days in inquiries about my father. At last, when he found every effort unavailing, he returned. But how shocked was he to learn from her Ladyship, that I had robbed her, absconded, and afterwards made an assault on her house, at the head of an Irish mob. He next visited Monkton Castle, but found it evacuated. However, judging by the description which her Ladyship gave, that Sullivan was one of my party, back he posted to London, and sought out Jerry. Jerry, who had only just returned from the castle, told him all; and acquainted him with my promise of calling at the shop, the moment of my arrival in town.

Accordingly, Stuart waited there some time; but as I did not appear,

he began to suspect that Betterton had entrapped me. He therefore saw the coachmaker, paid him for the barouche, informed him that I was not a swindler, and brought Jerry to depose, that Betterton and Grundy were the persons who had assaulted the constables. By his desire, the coachmaker applied at the office of police, whence a party was dispatched to apprehend Betterton and Grundy. Stuart accompanied them, and thus gained admission into the house.

Higginson now told a lamentable tale of the pranks, which Betterton had played upon him; and amongst the rest, he mentioned, that a servant had seduced him into the bag, under the pretext of smuggling him out of the house, in the character of meal.

He could gather, from things said,

while the company were tormenting him, that Grundy had agreed, first to marry me; and then, for a stipulated sum, to give Betterton every opportunity of prosecuting his infamous designs upon me. By this device, Betterton would escape the penalties of the law.

He likewise informed me, that the several chambers in this Villa, were furnished according to the fashions of different countries,—Grecian, Persian, Chinese, Italian; and that mine was the Gothic Chamber.

By this time, having stopped at an inn, where we meant to sleep, I desired a room, and bade Stuart a hasty good night.

Shocked, astonished, and ashamed at all that had passed, I threw myself on the bed, and unburdened my burst-

ing heart in a bitter fit of crying. What! thought I, not the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby after all?—Whylome Eftsoones, Betterton; Montmorenci an impostor; and the parchment a lease of lives?—could these things be? Alas, no doubt of the fatal facts remained; for the wretches rejoiced over them, as indisputable truths, even when they knew not that I was overhearing them! O, to be ruined in my favourite speculation, in the sole business of my life; all to begin over again,—the wide world to be searched anew for my real name, my real family—or was Wilkinson, indeed, my father? If so, what a fall! and how horridly had I treated him! Then to be ridiculed, despised, insulted by dissolute creatures, calling themselves Lords and Barons, heroes and heroines; and I no heroine! Am I a

heroine? I caught myself constantly muttering; and then I walked about wildly, then sat on the bed, then cast my body across it. Once I dropped into a doze, and dreamed of monsters following me swifter than the wind; while my lingering limbs could but creep, and my voice, calling help, could not rise above a whisper. Then I woke, repeating; am I a heroine? I believe I was delirious; for spite of all my efforts, I ran on rapidly, am I a heroine? am I? am I? am I? till my panting brain reeled, and my hands were clenched with perturbation.

Thus passed the night, and towards morning, I fell into a slumber.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THIS morning, my head felt rather better, and I appeared before Stuart, with the sprightliest air imaginable; not that my mind^s was tranquil; but that pride prevented me from betraying my distraction, at the unheroical result of my career.

After breakfast, Stuart and I took our departure in a chaise. Unable to counterfeit gaiety long, I soon relapsed into languor; nor could my companion, by any effort, divert me from the contemplation of my late disgrace.

As we drew near Lady Gwyn's, he represented the propriety of my letting her Ladyship know where she might recover the portrait. I consented: and

he proceeded to the house, while I remained at the gate. Presently, however, I saw him return, accompanied by Lady Gwyn herself.

But now came a new mortification. For now, at the instance of Stuart, her Ladyship began acknowledging all the pranks, which she had practised upon me. She confessed, that the crowning ceremony was merely to amuse her friends, with my pretty caprices, as she called them; and that my great mother was her own nephew! But here I stopped her short, bade Stuart get into the chaise, and left the hateful woman, without even wishing her good morning.

After this unpleasant explanation, we proceeded some miles, silent and uncomfortable.

At last, I found myself in sight of

the village, where William, whom I had separated from his Mary, resided ; and as this was a favourable opportunity for reconciling the lovers, I now made Stuart acquainted with their quarrel. He shook his head at the recital ; and desired the driver to stop at William's house. This was done, and in a few moments, William made his appearance. He remembered me immediately.

“ Well, William,” said I, “ how goes on your little quarrel with Mary ? Are you reconciled ? ”

“ No, Ma'am,” answered he, with a doleful look, “ and, I fear, never will.”

“ Yes, William,” cried I, with an assuring nod, “ I have the happiness to tell you that you will.”

“ Ah, Ma'am,” said he, “ I suppose

you do not know what a sad misfortune has fallen upon her, since you were here. The poor creature has quite lost her senses."

"For shame!" cried I. "What are you saying? Lost her senses! Well, I am sure it was not my fault, however."

"Your's?" said he: "oh, no, Ma'am. But, indeed, she has never been in her reason, since the day you left her."

"Let us be gone," whispered I to Stuart, as I sank back in the carriage.

"Surely not," said he. 'Tis at least your duty to repair, as far as possible, the mischief you have done."

"I should die before I could disclose it," cried I.

"Then I will disclose it for you," said he, leaping out of the chaise.

He went, with William, into the house; and I remained in such a state of mind, that I was often on the point of quitting the chaise, and escaping, I knew not whither; any where from the woeful scene awaiting me. At last, Stuart returned without William; and gave the driver directions to the cottage of poor Mary.

On our way, he said every thing kind and consolatory. He declared that William felt more rejoiced, than dejected at the intelligence; because, as the poor girl was quite harmless, and had only temporary fits of wandering, she might eventually recover from her derangement, when the circumstance of the fatal letter were explained to her, and a reconciliation effected.

Having now arrived near the cottage, we alighted, and walked towards

it. With a faltering step, I crossed the threshold, and found the father in the parlour.

“ Dear Miss,” said he, “ welcome here once more. I suppose you have come to see poor Mary. Oh! ’tis a piteous sight. There she does nothing but walk about, and sigh, and talk so wild; and nobody can tell the cause, but that William; and he will not, for he says she forbade him.”

“ Come with me,” said Stuart, “ and I will tell you the cause.”

He led the miserable old man out of the room, and I remained at the window weeping.

But in a few minutes, I heard a step; and turning round, saw the father, with a face haggard and ghastly, come running towards me. Then grasping my shoulder, and lifting his tremulous and

withered hand to heaven: "Now," cried he, "may the lightning of a just and good Providence——"

"Oh! pray," cried I, snatching down his hand—"oh, pray do not curse me! Do not curse a poor, silly, mad creature. It was a horrid affair; most horrid; but indeed, indeed, I meant no harm!"

"Be calm, my good man," said Stuart, "and let us go to the garden, where your daughter is walking. This young lady will accompany us, and do her utmost, in this critical moment."

"Oh, I will do any thing," cried I: "come along."

We now passed into the garden; and I shuddered, when I beheld the beautiful wreck, at a distance. She had just stopt short in a stepping posture: her cloak had half fallen from her shoulder;

and as her head hung down, her forefinger was lightly laid on her lip.

Panting to tell her all, I flew towards her, and caught her hand.

“Do you remember me, Mary?” said I softly.

She looked at me, some moments, with a vacant smile; and at last, coloured faintly.

“Ah! yes, I remember you,” said she. “You were with us that very evening. But I don’t care about him now;---I don’t indeed; and if I could only see him once more, I would tell him so. And then I would frown and turn from him; and then he would follow, so sad and so pale: don’t you think he would? And I am keeping his presents to give him back, as he did mine; and see how I have my hair parted on my forehead, just as he used

to like it ; ready the moment I see him, to rumple it all about ; and then he will cry so : don't you think he will ? And then I will run, run, run from him like the wind, and never see him again ; never, never again."

" Dear Mary," said I, " you shall see him again, and love him too ; for the poor fellow still loves you better than his life. I met him myself, this moment ; and he was talking of you."

" He was ?" exclaimed she, gasping and reddening. " Oh ! and what did he say ? But hush, not a word before my father and that man ;" and she put one hand upon my mouth, and, with the other round my waist, hurried me towards a little arbour, where we sat down.

" And now," whispered she, stealing her arms about my neck, and looking

earnestly into my eyes, while her whole frame trembled, “and now what did he say?”

“Mary, you must collect your ideas, and listen attentively; for I have much to disclose. Do you recollect a letter, which you wrote, by my direction, when I was here last?”

“Letter---” muttered she. “Letter.---Yes, I believe I do. Oh! yes, I now remember it well; for it was a sad letter to a poor young man, who loved you, telling him that you had married another; and his name was William too; and I thought, at the time, I would never write my own Willy such a letter.”

“And yet, Mary,” said I, “your own William, by some mishap, got that very letter, that very evening; and seeing it in your hand-writing, and

addressed to William, he thought it was from you to him ; and so he gave you back your presents, and----”

“ What is all that ? ” cried Mary, starting up. “ Merciful powers ! say all that over again ! ”

I made her sit down, and I shewed her the letter ; for Stuart had procured it from William. As she read, her colour changed, her lip quivered, her hand shook ; and at the conclusion, she dropped it, with a dreadful groan, and remained quite motionless.

“ Mary ! ” cried I, “ dear Mary, do not look so. Speak, Mary,” and I stirred her shoulder ; but she still sat motionless, with a settled smile.

“ I shall, I will see her ! ” cried the voice of William, at a distance ; and the next instant, he was seated, breathless, by her side.

“ Mary, my Mary !” cried he, with the most touching utterance.

At the well-known voice, so long unheard, she started, and suddenly turned towards him ; but as suddenly turned from him, and rose deadly pale. Then snatching some letters and baubles from her bosom, she threw them into his lap. Then she began gently disarranging her hair, and all the time looking down at him, with an oblique eye of pretty dignity.

“ Come,” said she, taking my hand, and leading me slowly out of the arbour. When we were half way through the garden ; “ Look behind,” said she, “ and tell me is he following me.”

“ No, indeed,” answered I. “ So be not alarmed.”

“ Well,” said she, “ well, no matter. Time was, though, when he would

have followed me. I wonder will he follow me? Is he following me?"

"Surely not," answered I, "after all your cruelty to him, though I have explained about the letter."

"Ay, true, the letter. Well, but he should not have believed it my letter; and so I must punish him. And besides——"

"Besides what, Mary?"

"Besides, you see he won't follow me."

"He cannot," answered I. "The poor fellow is lying upon the ground; and sobbing ready to break his heart."

Mary stopped.

"Shall I call him?" said I.

"Why now," dear lady, "said she, laying her hand on my shoulder, and whispering in my ear, "how can I prevent you?"

“ William ! ” cried I. “ Mary calls you.”

At the sound of his rapid steps she turned, stretched forth her hands towards him, uttered a long and piercing cry ;—and they were locked in each other’s arms, and united for ever !

But the poor girl, quite overpowered by the sudden change, fell back insensible ; while William, kissing her, and weeping over her, bore her into the house, and laid her on a bed.

It was so long before she shewed any symptoms of animation, that we began to feel serious alarm. However, by degrees, she grew better, and became more composed ; though her mind was still wandering. At last, her hand grasped in her lover’s, she fell asleep ; and then, as our presence could prove no farther useful, we took leave of the

venerable peasant ; who, generous with recent hope, freely gave me his forgiveness and his blessing.

In my first transports of anguish after this scene, I told Stuart, what I had all day determined, but dreaded to disclose—the situation of my poor father. At the horrid account, the good young man turned pale, but said not a word. I saw that I was undone, and I burst into tears.

“ Be comforted, my dear girl,” said he, laying his hand on mine. “ You have long been acting under the delusion of a dreadful dream ; but this confession, and these tears, are I trust, only the first step towards a total renunciation of error. So now let us hasten to your father, and release him. Past follies shall be forgotten, past pleasures renewed ; you shall return home, and

Cherry Wilkinson shall again be the daughter of an honest squire."

"Mr. Stuart," said I, "as to my past follies, I know of none but two;—the separation of these lovers, and the confinement of my father. And as to that father, he may not be what you suppose him. I fancy, Sir, there are instances innumerable, of men who begin life with plain names, and end it with the most Italian in the world."

"Well?" cried Stuart, anxiously.

"Well," said I, "that honest squire, as you call him, may yet turn up a Marquis."

Stuart groaned, and put out his head to look at the prospect.

We have reached London, and Stuart is now procuring from Grundy, who lies in prison, such a statement, as must

make the Doctor release my poor father, without hesitation.

How shall I support this approaching interview with him? I shall sink, I shall die under it. Indeed I wish to die; and I feel an irresistible presentiment, that my prayer will shortly be granted. All day long, a horrid gloom troubles me; besides a wildness of ideas, and an unusual irritability. My head is as if billows were tossing through it; by turns I have a glow and a creeping chillness in my skin; and I am unwilling even to move. Oh, could I only lock myself into a room, with heaps of romances, and shut out all the world for ever! But no, my friend; the grave will soon be my chamber, the worms my books; and if ever I write again, I must write from the bed of death. I

know it, I feel it. I shall embrace my broken-hearted parent, acknowledge my follies and die.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

AGITATED beyond measure, I found myself in the madhouse: I hardly knew how. Stuart supported me to the room, where my father was confined; and gently urged me forward, as I paused, breathless, at the door. I saw, by the dusky light, a miserable object, shivering, and sitting upon a bed. A few rags and a blanket were cast about it: the face was haggard, and the chin overgrown with a grisly beard. Yet, amidst all this disfigure-

ment, I could not mistake my father. I ran, prostrated myself at his feet, and clasping his knees, exclaimed, " Father, dear father !"

He started, and gazed upon me for a moment ; then pushed me from him, and buried his face in the bed. I cast my body across his, and endeavoured, with both my hands, to turn his face round, that I might kiss it ; but he resisted every effort.

" Father !" cried I, fondling his neck, " will you break my heart ? Will you drive me to distraction, father ? Speak, father ! Oh, one word, one little word, to save me from death !"

Still he lay mute and immoveable.

" You are cold, father," said I. " You shiver. Shall I put something about you ? shall I, father ? Ah ! I can

be so careful and so tender, when I love one ; and I love you dearly—Heaven knows I do, my father.”

I laid my shawl on his shoulders, stole my hand into one of his, and lay caressing his forehead, and murmuring words of fondness in his ear. But he drew away his hand, by degrees, and covered his forehead with it. And now half frantic, I began to sob convulsively, beat the pillow, and moan, and utter the most deplorable complaints.

At last, I thought I saw him a little convulsed, as if with smothered tears.

“ Ah,” cried I, “ you are relenting, you are weeping. Bless you for that ! Oh, my own, my beloved father, look up, look up, and see with what joy your daughter can embrace you !”

“ My child, my child !” cried he,

suddenly turning round, and flinging himself upon my bosom. “A heart of stone could not withstand this!—There, darling, there, I forgive you all!”

Fast and fondly did we cling about each other; and sweet were the sighs that we breathed, and the tears that we shed.

But I suffered too much: the disorder which had long been engendering in my frame, now burst forth, with sudden vehemence; and I was conveyed, raving, into a carriage. On our arrival at the hotel, they sent for a physician, who pronounced me in a violent fever of a nervous nature. During a fortnight, I was not expected to recover; and I myself felt so convinced of my speedy dissolution, that I requested the presence of a clergyman.

He came; and his conversations, by composing my mind, contributed, in a great degree, to my recovery. At my request, he paid me daily visits. Our subject was religion—not those theological controversies, which make Christian feel an abhorrence to Christian; but those plain and simple truths, which convince without confounding; and which shun both the bigotry, that would worship error, because it is hereditary; and the fanaticism, that would lay rash hands on the temple, because some of its smaller pillars appear unsound.

After detaining me some days, upon this important topic, he gradually led me to give him an account of my late adventures; and as I related, he made comments.

Affected by his previous precepts,

and by my own awful prospect, I now became as desirous of conviction, as I had heretofore been averse from it. To be predisposed is to be half converted ; and soon this exemplary pastor taught me how impious, and how immoral, was the tendency of my past life. He shewed me, that to the inordinate gratification of a particular caprice, I had sacrificed my duty towards my natural protectors, myself, and my God ; that my ruling passion, though harmless in its nature, was injurious in its effects ; that it gave me a distaste for sober occupations, perverted my judgment, and even threatened my reason. Religion itself, he said, if indulged with excessive enthusiasm, at last degenerates into zealotry ; and leaves the poor devotee too rapturous to be rational, and too virulent to be religious.

In a word, I have risen from my bed, an altered being ; and I now look back upon my past delusions, with horror and disgust. Though the new principles of conduct, which I have espoused, are not yet well rooted, or well regulated in my mind ; and though the prejudices of a whole life, are not (and indeed, could not be), entirely eradicated within a few days ; still, as I am resolved to rid myself of them, I trust that the final result of my rejecting what is erroneous, will be my adopting what is correct.

Adieu.

LETTER XL.

I HAVE now so far recovered my bodily health, that I am no longer

confined to my room ; while the good Stuart, by his lively advice and witty reasoning, more complimentary than reproachful, and more insinuated than expressed, is perfecting my mental reformation.

He had lately put *Don Quixote* into my hands ; and on my returning it to him, with a confession of the benefit which I derived from it, the conversation naturally ran upon romances in general. He thus delivered his sentiments.

“ I do not protest against the perusal of fictitious biography altogether ; for many works of this kind, may be read without injury, and some with advantage. Novels such as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Fashionable Tales*, and *Cœlebs*, which draw man as he is, imperfect, instead of man as he cannot

be, superhuman; are both instructive and entertaining. Romances, such as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, the *Italian*, and the *Bravo of Venice*, which address the imagination alone, are often captivating, and seldom detrimental. But unfortunately, so seductive is the latter class of composition, that people are apt to become too fond of it, and to neglect more useful books. This, however, is not the only evil. Romances, indulged in extreme, act upon the mind, like inebriating stimulants; first elevate, and at last enervate it. They make it admire ideal scenes of transport and distraction; and feel disgusted with the vulgaries of living misery. Besides, they incapacitate it from encountering the turmoils of active life; and teach it erroneous notions of the world, by relating adven-

tures too improbable to happen, and depicting characters too perfect to exist.

“ In a country where morals are on the decline, sentimental novels always become dissolute. For it is their province to represent the prevalent opinions; nay, to run forward and meet the coming vice, and sketch it with an anticipating and gigantic pencil. Thus, long before France arrived at her extreme of vicious refinement, her novels had adopted that last master-stroke of immorality, which wins by the chastest aphorisms, while it corrupts, by the most alluring pictures of villainy. Take Rousseau, for instance. What St. Preux is to Heloise, the book is to the reader. The lover fascinates his mistress with his honourable sentiments, till she cannot resist his criminal advances. The book in-

fatuates the reader, till, in his admiration of its morality, he loses all horror of its licentiousness. It may be said, that an author ought to pourtray seductive vice, for the purpose of unmasking its arts, and thus warning the young and inexperienced. But let it be recollected, that though familiarity with voluptuous descriptions, may improve our prudence, it must undermine our delicacy; and that while it teaches the reason to resist, it entices the passions to yield. Rousseau, however, painted the scenes of a brothel, merely that he might talk the cant of a monastery; and thus has undone many an imitating miss or wife, who began by enduring the attempts of the libertine, that she might speak sentiment, and act virtue; and ended by falling a victim to them, because her

heart had become entangled, her head bewildered, and her principles depraved.

“ But I am happy to say, that in this country, there has arisen an improved order of Sentimental novels; which, gratifying the reason, more than the imagination, and interesting, not so much by the story as by the morality, are at once a test and a source of National virtue. Foremost among this superior class, I would number *Rasselas* and *The Misanthropist*.

“ Still, however, most of our native Novels possess a certain strain of impracticable, if not pernicious sentiment; and I will add, that your principles, which have hitherto been formed upon such books alone, appear, at times, a little perverted by their influence. It should now, therefore, be your object to counteract these bad

effects, with some more enlightened line of reading; and, as your present views of life are drawn merely from Romances; and as even your manners and your language are vitiated by them, I would likewise recommend your mixing much in the world, and learning the customs of actual, not ideal society."

With this opinion my father coincided: the system has already commenced, and I now pass my time both usefully and agreeably. Morality, history, languages, and music, occupy my mornings; and my evenings are enlivened by balls, operas, and familiar parties.

Stuart, my counsellor and my companion, sits beside me, directs my studies, re-assures my timidity, and corrects my mistakes. Indeed he has to

correct them often ; for I still retain some taints of my former follies and affectations. My postures are sometimes too picturesque, my phrases too flowery, and my sentiments too exotic.

This day, Betterton and Grundy stood their trials, for having assaulted the constables ; but as the prosecutors did not appear, the culprits were discharged. It is supposed that Betterton, the great declaimer against bribery and corruption, tampered with the postillion and the police, and thus escaped the fate which had awaited him.

Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

IN ridding ourselves of a particular fault, we sometimes run too far into its opposite virtue. I had poured forth

my tender feelings to you, with such sentimental absurdity, when I fancied myself enamoured of one man, that afterwards, when I found myself actually attached to another, I determined on concealing my fondness from you, with the most scrupulous discretion of pen.

Know, then, that even at a time, when I thought it my bounden duty to love Grundy, I felt an unconscious partiality for Stuart. But after my reformation, this partiality became too decisive to be misinterpreted or concealed. And indeed he was so constantly with me, and so kind a comforter and friend; and then so fascinating are his manners, and so good his disposition; for I am certain there is no such young man—you see in his eyes, what he is; you see that his heart is all benevolence; and yet he

has a fire in them, a fire that would delight you: and I could tell you a thousand anecdotes of him that would astonish you.—But what have I done with my sentence? Go back, good pen, and restore it to grammar; or rather leave it, as it is—a cripple for life, and hasten to the happy catastrophe.

Stuart had latterly become more assiduous, than usual; his manners had betrayed more tenderness, and his language more regard. I saw these attentions with secret transport, but with many a little tremor, lest my fancy was only building a castle for my wishes.

This morning, however, put the matter beyond a doubt. I was alone, when he paid his accustomed visit. At first he made some faint attempts to converse; but I could perceive an

uneasiness and perturbation in his manner, that surprised me.

“ Pray,” said I, at length, “ what makes you so dull and absent to-day ?”

“ You,” replied he, with a smile.

“ And what have I done ?” said I.

“ So much,” said he, “ that I must now ask you, what you will do.”

He then changed to a nearer chair, and looked at me with agitation. I guessed what was coming ; I had expected it some time ; but when the moment arrived, I felt my heart fail ; so I suddenly moved towards the door, saying, I was sure I heard my father call. Stuart sprang after me, and led me back by the hand.

“ When I tell you,” said he, “ that on the possession of this hand depends my happiness, may I flatter myself, that my happiness would not be your misery ?”

“As I am no longer a heroine,” said I, smiling, “I do not intend getting up a scene. You happen to have my hand now ; and I am afraid---very much afraid, that——”

“That what?” cried he, holding it faster.

“That it is not worth withdrawing,” said I.

But in this effort to shun a romantic dialogue, I feared I had run into the contrary extreme, and betrayed an undue boldness ; so I got sentimental in good earnest, and burst out crying. However, Stuart soon dissipated my uneasiness by his eloquent expressions of gratitude and delight, and by his lively pictures of our future happiness. I told him, that I wondered how he, who knew my failings so well, would venture to stake his happiness upon me.

“ Had I not seen your failings,” answered he, “ I should never have discovered your perfections. Those embarrassments of your life, which I witnessed, have enabled me to judge your real disposition more justly, than had I known you, only in the common routine of intercourse ; because they have shewn me, that if you had weakness enough to court danger, you had firmness enough to withstand temptation ; and that while the faulty part of your character was factitious and superinduced, all the gentle and generous feelings came from your heart.”

Our conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of my father ; and on hearing the favourable issue of our interview, the good old man hugged both of us in his arms.

To detain you no longer, a week hence is fixed for our wedding.

I have just received a line from Mary, which mentions her restoration to health, and her union with William. I shall offer no observation on your late marriage with the Butler; but I must remark, that your having instigated me against my father, at the outset of my follies, was an act, which even your repentant letter cannot atone. However, he has pardoned me, and from my heart, I forgive you. I am too happy for anger.

Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

I HAVE just time to tell you, before I leave town, that my fate was sealed this morning, and that I am a wife.

After the ceremony, poor Higginson, who had kept peeping for my re-

turn, at the corner of the street, came forward, dreadfully pale, and presented me with an Epithalalium. He then attempted to recite a premeditated compliment, but stammered; and after pulling at his lip some moments, gave a sudden stamp, and ran away.

Honest Jerry Sullivan (whom Stuart has enabled to set up a handsome shop), was at the house before me. He shook my hand, and danced round me in a fury of outrageous joy.

“Well,” cried he, “often and often I thought your freaks would get you hanged; but may I be hanged, if ever I thought they would get you married!”

“There!” cried I to Stuart, “after all your pains to prevent me from imitating romances, see how you have

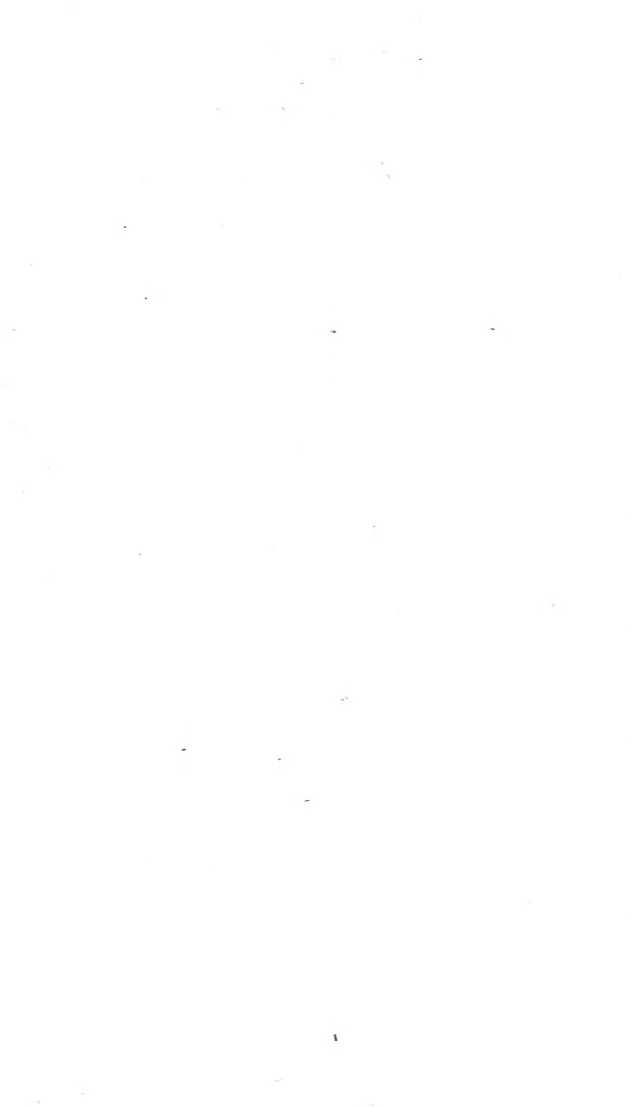
made me terminate my adventures, like every romance—in a marriage. Pray with what moral will you now conclude the story?”

“Why,” said Stuart, “if the story cannot suggest its own moral to the reader, I might just as well conclude with saying—instead of some flourishing sentence about Patience and Resignation, Innocence and Calamity—that Tommy Horner was a bad boy, and would not get plumcake; and that King Pepin was a good boy, and rode in a golden coach.”

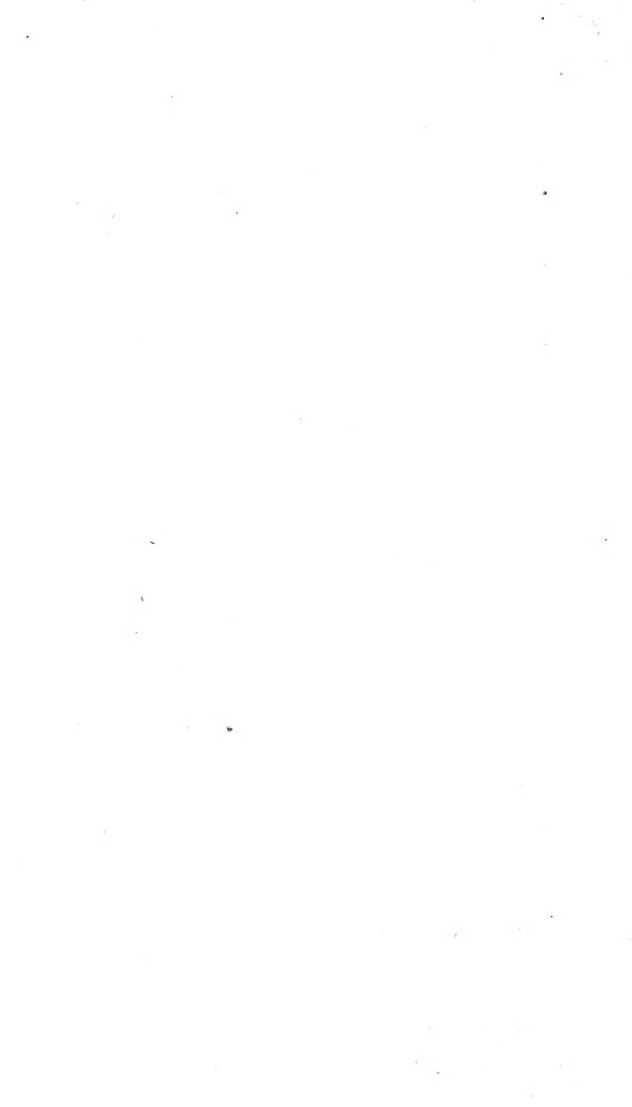
Adieu.

THE END.









UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 041382067